

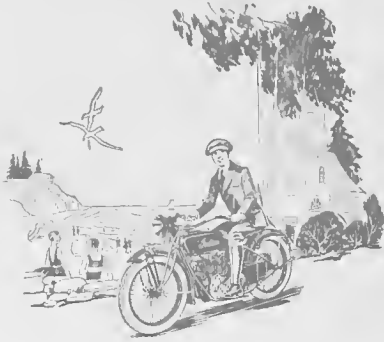
THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 60

JUNE, 1925

NO. 6





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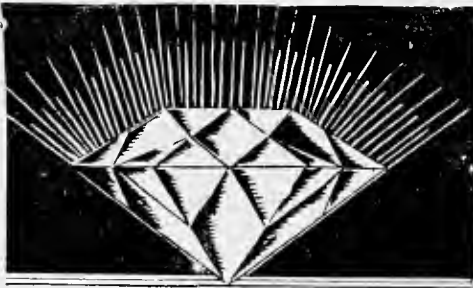


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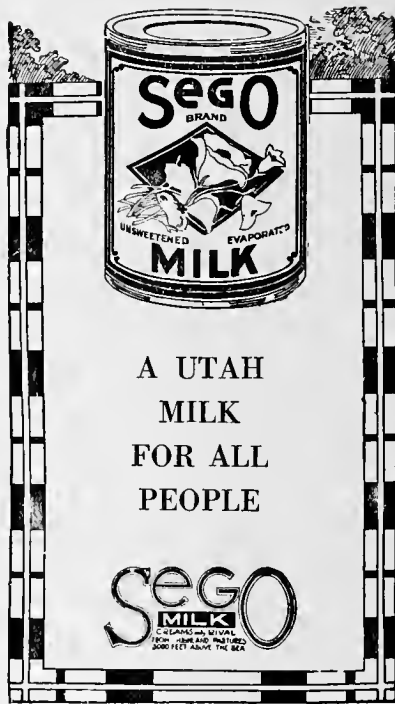
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By M. A. Stewart

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O emblem of peace!
May stars in thy blue field
Forever increase!
May thy stripes, white and red,
O'er the world be unfolded!

Thou ensign of freedom!
Thou world-flag, to be!
The nations uniting
In true liberty!
Call from the gloom of night,
All mankind to thy bright light!

Thy stars are the watchers,
Set deep in the blue;
Thy stripes tell the story,
Of the brave and true;
Thy spirit leads the fight,
In the conflict for the right!

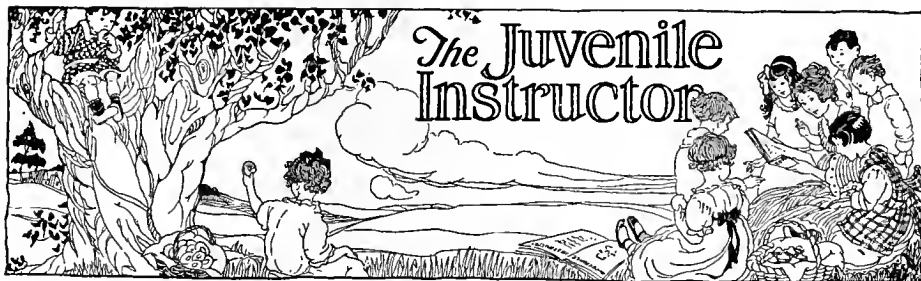
O star-spangled banner!
O flag of the free!
Thy symbol—sacrifice—
Is thy destiny!
Thy mission is to bring
Man to Christ, America's King!

O banner celestial!
O long may you wave!
"O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."
O'er lands our fathers trod,
One people, one flag, one God!



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. PENROSE

First Counselor, in the First Presidency, who passed away May 16, 1925, after a long and eventful life spent in the service of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



Vol. 60

JUNE, 1925

No. 6

A Young Man's Appreciation of Pres't. Charles W. Penrose

By Edward P. Kimball.

President Charles W. Penrose stands out among the notable men and women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints preeminently as fulfillment of its requirements and as a realization of its potentialities in the life of the individual. If there is anything that substantiates the Church in its claim to be the religion of Jesus Christ—"the power of God unto salvation"—it is the requirements which it makes of its converts, and the possibilities of a fulness of life, in the true spirit and manner of the Redeemer, which it opens up to every member. President Penrose's early conversion through the preaching of a humble, unschooled missionary, challenges the scoffer to account for, and to explain that peculiar change which comes into the life of everyone converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and which the convert himself cannot describe except in a complete new outlook upon all things, exhibited in a new manner of conduct, or, as James puts it, "a soul consciously wrong and out of harmony, becomes consciously right and in harmony" with the Gospel law. Leaving his father's house, the sole convert to the new and unpopular doctrine of the Latter-day Saints, he fulfilled the Savior's description that in the acceptance of the true Gospel there should come "one of a city and two of a family." His conversion was not brought about by a bolt from heaven which had to strike his physical eyes blind before

he could see the grand visions of the spiritual life; and yet the message of the restored Gospel struck his soul with all the suddenness of Paul's vision, and his spiritual eyes were opened to the grandeur of the plan of life and salvation and his imagination awakened and his Christ-like zeal kindled into a pillar of light which went before him all his days. If he had lived in the days of the Apostles I doubt not that he would have been another Paul, and it is not mere loyalty to the memory of the man to imagine that among the generations of the coming years his life and his works will be glorified in much the same spirit as we now glory in the acts of the Apostles. And the impressiveness of this phase of his life is that he was a convert, away from all association with the founders of the Church, one among the sons of men who had been called upon to repent, be baptized, leave all they had and follow Him. The youth of the Church have been richly blessed in the faith promoting manner in which this great spirit came into the Church. His beginning in the Faith was as humble as that of the most lowly, and by it and through it the most humble may take courage, knowing that but one thing brought Charles W. Penrose to the revered heights to which he came and that was fidelity and faithfulness to Christ and His Church expressed in a life of ceaseless service.

When told that his mother and breth-

ren stood without desiring to speak to him, the Savior said, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" Stretching forth his hand toward his followers he continued; "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." How true did this spirit operate in the life of President Penrose! What he left in kin of blood when he accepted the Gospel he found manifoldly increased among the Latter-day Saints. One had to do but one thing to be taken into his vast circle of brothers and sisters—live the life and fight the fight of a Saint.

This good man possessed, in high degree, the commendable trait of encouraging young men. He took time, even in his busiest moments of his busiest years, to pause and receive young men, listen to them, and counsel them, and was never afraid to commend and encourage if these were due; nor was he backward in correction and reproof where these were needed. Especially did he dislike self-conceit, and he never lost an opportunity to correct the slightest exhibition of it in his young friends. But in any event all was done in a constructive way and these evidences of human interest have inspired many young men to better efforts. Full of health and vigor himself, he constantly admonished his young men friends to conserve and improve their health, holding out constantly that, thereby, they would be better able to serve God and the Church. They were always made to feel that the highest calling to which they could aspire is service to mankind through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But through all of friendships there was a most wholesome universality, and not even his closest friends could ever feel that they had a monopoly on his affection and regards, but they felt always that his heart embraced all the sons and daughters of God.

From heredity and environment the young Latter-day Saint is as prone to aspire to preach as the sparks are to fly upward. Where, in all Israel, past or present, is another more worthy of emulation in this regard? I have always felt that the success of his preaching (and his voluminous writings are but sermons spoken with pen) could be accounted for in a simple sentence concerning his Master: "And the common people heard him gladly," for "he taught them as one having authority.." He had no tricks, no devices, no sophistry, no "oratory." He was profoundly in earnest; his premises were so clear to him that he could not see why they were not clear to all men. Above all else he believed what he preached; he was logical, imaginative, and instructive. He recognized but one master—God; he had but one purpose in life, the establishment of His kingdom; he knew that there were two sources from which he might obtain a knowledge of truth, the Holy Spirit and the words of God's chosen ones as recorded in the scriptures, ancient and modern; and he sought these early and late, and was rewarded with a fund of knowledge not obtained from men, which gave to his preaching the impression of quality, which can come only from positive knowledge. In all his preaching he was so sensible that even those who differed with him most respected him and admired his ability and his fairness.

The influence of Charles W. Penrose upon the youth of Israel will be eternal for good. This "lion of the Lord" fires emulation as a healthy passion; there is not a noble potentiality, nor a glorious ambition which one may connect with the kingdom of God, that has not reached luxurious fruition in the life of this man, and he excelled by raising himself, not by depressing others. God sanctify his noble accomplishment to the inspiration of young Israel!



MONUMENT MARKING LINE OF MINUTEMEN ACROSS LEXINGTON GREEN
The house in the background was the home of Harrington, one of the men killed at Lexington.

Historic Shrines in America

By Howard R. Driggs

II. LEXINGTON GREEN

One hundred and fifty years ago from the day on which I am writing this little sketch, April 19, 1925, there was "fired the shot heard round the world" up in the little town of Lexington, Massachusetts. That shot, sent as a protest against tyranny, was the opening gun in the long struggle for our independence. It came from the muskets of American farmers—"minutemen," as they called themselves, who had rushed together in response to the warning sounded by Paul Revere, to stay the march of the British soldiery, and to assert their rights as freemen.

"Don't fire unless fired upon," was the sober direction they had received from Captain Parker, their leader; "but if they mean to have war let it begin here." And the minutemen, a mere handful of them, stood there, lined up across Lexington Green, while their haughty enemies came on. Nor did they flinch when Pitcairn, the commander of the Redcoats yelled, "disperse, ye rebels!"

The demand was followed by a command to fire, and a number of the Americans fell, their life blood staining the green. A scattering return volley came from the minutemen, but the hundred or more patriots could not stem the tide of hundreds of well armed soldiers, so they broke for cover, while the triumphant Pitcairn and his band took possession of the little battlefield.

The little town of Lexington was in a seethe of excitement. While the wounded and dying were being cared for by grief-stricken loved ones, the British soldiery were searching the town for two of the Americans—John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had been reported in hiding in the place. These leaders of the American cause, however, warned by Paul Revere and William Dawes, had made their escape before the British arrived. The little frame house where Hancock and Adams were sleeping when Revere and Dawes rode up, still stands, just a little way from the famous Lexington Green.

On the border of the Green also

stands the house of Harrington, one of the first to fall when Pitcairn gave his fatal order. Mr. Harrington, mortally wounded, managed to crawl back to his home, and there he died on his own doorstep in the arms of his wife. Other buildings of pre-Revolutionary days also are still preserved in Lexington, the effort being to keep this sacred shrine so far as possible as it was on that eventful day a century and a half ago.

It was our privilege to visit Lexing-



Statue of Minuteman at Entrance to Lexington Green

ton some three years ago on the Fourth of July. As we drove in our auto up to the historic green, we saw first the statue of the minuteman guarding the entrance. A heroic figure, standing on a pedestal of rough hewn stone, with rifle in hand, the statue seems to speak the spirit not only of Lexington, but of America.

And then we came upon the scene of the battle—the very last place in

the world one would naturally look for a battleground. It is just a beautiful lawn bordered with stately trees—a little park in the heart of a peaceful town. Around it are picturesque homes of frame, mostly. Neatness and artistic arrangement characterize these homes of Americans who live near the green.

Only a few reminders of the historic significance of the spot mark the place. Most impressive among these is a monument of simple proportions on the line where stood the minutemen. Carved in this stone is a rifle of olden type, and also the famous words of Captain Parker, already quoted. In another place on the green is a tomb where lie the heroes—some of them, at least—who fell that day.

We wandered over the little battlefield, trying to visualize the scenes that had occurred those many years ago, and trying to sense somewhat more clearly the significance of it all. It was difficult to do either, so mighty are the consequences that have followed in the wake of that brave stand for human liberty and the divine right of man to govern himself. Not a nation in the world up to that day had really achieved the democratic form of government; it was only a Platonic dream. It has not been gloriously realized even yet; but over all the world is the great experiment now being worked out with most promising results. Lexington was a most earnest dedication to this cause of "government *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people."

It was not the entangling perplexities of politics and forms of government, however, that held me on that day when I wandered over Lexington Green. I was thrilled with the simple, beautiful story of it all. The day before I had visited in historic Boston the home of Paul Revere, and the old North Church. I had relived the ride that this patriot made, when, warned by the signal lights his friend had hung

in the dark old belfry, he had struck out on his message-bearing venture along the quiet road leading through the country towns out from Boston. Along another route, another equally-



House in which John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when Paul Revere rode up

brave messenger, William Dawes, great grandfather of our Vice-President Dawes, was also riding that night to warn the settlers of the on-coming troops. I had pictured the flash of the candle light when the minutemen, roused out of their slumbers, had leaped into their homespun clothes, and grabbing off the wall their old flintlocks, had gone rushing out to the rendezvous, while wives and children prayed for their safe return.

And then came the measured tramp of the soldiery, obeying orders, of course, marching under command of king-commanded officers. Theirs was

a more or less brutal task. It was a clash of two great forces—one typical of autocracy, the other of democracy—and democracy won.

The king's soldiers had their brief way at the field of Lexington, but the day was not ended there. The volley fired there woke a veritable hornet's nest; swarming from every side, in response to that alarm, came the angered Americans. The British had hardly reached Concord, where they were baffled of their hopes to find and destroy stores of ammunition collected by the Americans, when they were beset on all sides with foes. Every stone and



Monument marking end of ride of Paul Revere

tree seemed to protect a minuteman, pouring vengeance at those who had fired upon the line at Lexington.

Major Pitcairn and his men broke into a wild retreat back towards Boston, their numbers being lessened every

turn of the way. Only the arrival of Lord Percy with reinforcements and cannon made it possible for the soldiers who had marched out the night before to get back at all, and nearly three hundred never did return. The war for freedom was on. It took nearly

eight years to win it, but it was finally won, and out of the issues of the battle of Lexington was born a new Nation, which was to become a light to all the world, and a guardian of the liberties of humanity.

A Statue to a Very Good Friend of the Young Folks

By Felix J. Koch

Statues, great and small, costly and sometimes otherwise, but so unique or attractive as to make one overlook the fact, have been erected again and again.



Statue of Hans Christian Andersen.

the big world over, obviously; but it isn't so very often that as excellent

a production in stone as sculptor's skill will produce is put up in a public park, where all who pass may see, because of what the subject of the monument has done for boys and girls.

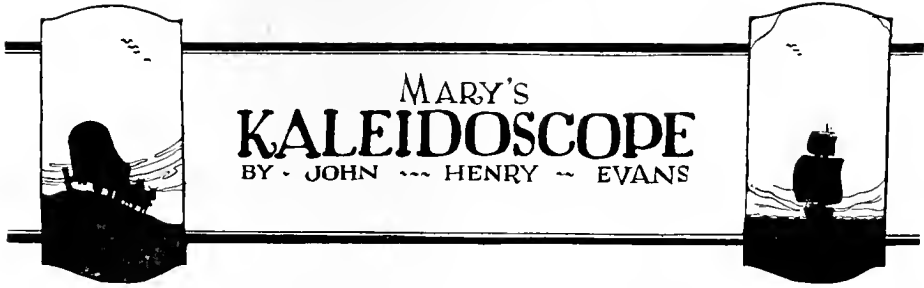
The big city of Chicago has done such a one in the form of a magnificent sculpturing of Hans Christian Andersen.

Naturally Anderson, the author of so many popular fables and fairy-tales that have become household stories in every home, needs no introduction to the reader. The very name conjures to mind this, that, the other story, that we have delighted to read again and again and recall since we were the wee-est children.

But, as with so many other persons whose names are so often on our lips, we may never have stopped to enquire as to what sort of man, in looks and temperament, this man Anderson might be.

The good folk of Illinois recognized this and resolved that Hans Christian Andersen should be known, at least by sight, to the tens of thousands of children who romp the big parks there. The result was the statue of the accompanying photograph; one of the most carefully modelled and executed representations in stone of an author of stories for boys and girls in the world!

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's own self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.—Hughes.



THE FOURTH TURN

If you were to ask Mary what part of an ocean voyage is the worst, she would answer right off, "The first part of it." And that is probably the experience of nearly every one that puts out to sea. Not that personally she was in distress. Some people—perhaps I should say most people—get sea-sick, and some—a few, that is—do not. Mary was one of the few, although she had every reason in the world for joining the majority. For, very often, on the ocean, it makes you sick just to look at others that are sick.

The first day out it would have done your heart good to see how happy and lively the passengers were. Over here on the deck of the ship an old man, whom everyone called Diogenes, from his high forehead and his broad whiskers, sat in the midst of a group of young people, asking them to parse a sentence for him. Over there a young woman was teaching others how to knit lace in various patterns. Yonder was a group of elderly men arguing about a passage in the Book of Mormon, which nobody could settle and which, if it could be settled, would not have helped them in the least. And in another place was a soft-hearted mother getting out of a box before their time some dainties and distributing them among her children. For the breath of the salt sea has a way of sharpening the appetite, even of children, especially when there are cakes under a lid nearby which coaxing or crying will get.

But the next day the scene was sadly changed. People suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, like so many mice into their holes on seeing a cat. Mary, however, who, as I said, was not sick herself, knew where they had gone to, for she knew where the Wimbles were, big and little. They were down in their bunks groaning and carrying on shamefully. Mrs. Wimble, suddenly losing her good temper, blamed the rotund Mr. Wimble for all her troubles. Why had he dragged her and the children into the "Ellen Maria" anyway? Did he want to drown them all and give their bodies to the sharks? It would be a blessing, one way, for they would then be out of their misery, and Mr. Wimble would be free to marry again, and she hoped to goodness the second Mrs. Wimble would lead him a merry chase, as he richly deserved. And Mr. Wimble, on his part, also losing his kindly nature, said things to his wife which it would not do to print here. Anyhow, when people are sick they are not always responsible for what they say. Pretty soon the passengers came back again, all looking pale and haggard.

* * * *

A storm at sea is a dreadful thing. No one can tell its horrors. You cannot jump down the cellar and escape it, as they do in Kansas at the approach of a cyclone, nor run out at the back door when something comes in at the front door. You must simply bear it, that is all. Once there was a ship that caught fire in mid-ocean—but

that is another story, as Kipling would say.

Mary was on the upper deck with Elder Walton one afternoon when the "Ellen Maria" had been out not more than three weeks. Captain Whitmore, shading his eyes with his hand, scanned the horizon. Satisfied with that, he turned his gaze to the sky, after which he wrinkled his brow.

"Shorten the sails, men!" he shouted.

What's the matter, Captain?" Elder Walton asked.

The Captain pointed upward and a little ahead. "D'ya see that cloud, sir?" he inquired.

Elder Walton replied that he did.

"Well, when that cloud gets over the "Ellen Maria," we'll have trouble, and lots of it."

"A cloud like that, no bigger than my hat!" protested the missionary.

"It'll grow fast enough," was the only answer.

And grow it did.

"A white squall" they called the storm when it came. It lashed the sea into a wild fury. The ship rocked helplessly, taking everything that was loose with it, now to this side, now to that, till some one thought to tie the articles down. The passengers scurried into the hatchways and down into safer quarters, as they believed.

"Man overboard!" some sailor yelled to the Captain.

The Captain's only reply was a volley of oaths and a demand for the men to be less reckless.

The fact was, *two* men were missing. They were presently found, however, in a bend of a sail. "My God, how did you get there?" cried the Captain, who must have thought some uncanny influence was at work.

At midnight the Captain sent for Elder Walton.

"This ship's unmanageable," he confessed, when the missionary appeared. "I can do nothing with her. You tell Howell that if the 'Mormon' God has

any power, now is the time for Him to use it. The 'Ellen Maria' will go down in four hours."

Elder Walton said the Captain should tell Elder Howell himself. But the Captain sent Rogers, an officer under him, to bear the evil tidings.

Below, everything was in utter confusion. The people were petrified with terror. Some were crying, others praying, and a few were bravely trying to look as if nothing was the matter and failing dismally in the attempt.

Elder Howell was in his bunk fast asleep.

Elder Howell, you should know, was an outspoken Welshman (as what Welshman it not!), who had been doing missionary service in France and was now in charge of the company of Saints on the "Ellen Maria." Of a strong, positive character, he at once inspired you with confidence in everything.

He was routed out of his bed by the two messengers and informed that the ship was sinking.

"Nothing of the kind!" he said in his sure-footed manner. "You go back and tell the Captain that when we left Liverpool we set sail for New Orleans, and New Orleans is where we will land, and not the bottom of the sea. God Almighty will protect us!"

Choosing eleven other men, Elder Howell and they knelt down in a circle and began to pray, each in turn, ending with the leader. No sooner had they begun to pray than the sea commenced to calm itself. Before morning it was as smooth as it had ever been on the voyage.

Everyone marvelled, the Captain most of all. But they were none the less grateful to God, whom they all acknowledged as their deliverer.

* * * *

Maybe it was this storm that was responsible, at least in part, for the

baptisms that took place later on in the voyage.

"What, baptisms on the high seas?" you may ask in wonderment. And I answer, "Yes; baptisms in mid-ocean." For where there is a will, there is a way, as the old saying has it. Perhaps these were the only baptisms ever performed under such circumstances at any time.

Besides the "Mormon" immigrants on board the "Ellen Maria" there were exactly fifty-two persons, not counting the crew, who were not members of the Church. And then, you must remember, one of the missionaries was William Howell. Now, something is bound to happen where these conditions exist.

It was on Saturday night that the storm I have told you about occurred. The next day being Sunday, very naturally every one was in a mood for religious services. So, with the consent of the Captain, a meeting was held on the deck.

After the meeting twenty-one of the fifty-two members were baptized. Some of them, however, it is only fair to say, had been converted earlier on the voyage, for Elder Howell had been busy all the way. The baptisms were performed in an immense barrel, which had been filled with fresh water for cooking and drinking purposes. This was placed on end; it was filled with sea water; and two ladders were placed, one outside and the other inside, on which the converts went up and down. All of which proves that when you want to do anything you can always find a way of doing it.

After this, meetings were held regularly. And baptisms, too—only, this time they were performed, not in the barrel, but in the sea itself!

It was not long till twenty more expressed a desire to join the Church. And in order to baptize them one of the hatchways was let down over the side of the ship into the sea, secured,

of course, by strong ropes, so that it would be only so deep in the water. Then one of the elders, also held by a strong rope round his waist, with one of the candidates for the ordinance, was let down into the hatchway. There they both sat, waist-deep, the missionary tipping the convert back till he was immersed completely, while the convert held to the elder's hand to secure himself.

* * * *

Sighting the New World by the passengers of the "Ellen Maria" was as much an event as it was when Christopher Columbus first gazed upon it in 1492. You could not have created greater excitement had you thrown a bomb into the ship.

One of the passengers owned a spyglass. To the end of this useful instrument he kept his eye glued for hours at a time, as soon as it appeared that one might expect any moment now to see land. And when at last he perceived the dim outlines of the American shores, he let out a wild yell, such as the early settlers of New England were accustomed to hear from the fringe of the woods at scalping time.

Instantly the spyglass was snatched from his hand by a near neighbor, who straightway confirmed the amazing news. From eye to eye the instrument passed till everyone on the spot had taken a peep into it, and had seen for himself. Then the good news ran from mouth to mouth and from one ear to another till not a soul on board but knew that the long imprisonment was about to end.

It was like stirring up an ant bed or disturbing a hive of bees before their time. Excitement went beyond bounds. There was a great craning of necks in the direction of land, there was a startled eagerness in every eye, there was a loosening of every tongue on board till you would have imagined another babel had broken out. And, best of all signs, the women began

gathering up their "things" so as not to be behindhand when it came to landing.

Mary shared, you may be sure, in this universal joy. For she had as much reason to do so as anyone else on board. In spite of the fact that the kaleidoscope had been mistaken as to that man in purple livery and as to the quarters which she and her mother were to occupy on the ship, still Mary felt sure her lot would greatly improve in the Promised Land to which she was going. Always there was the mirage in the distance, even though it moved with every step she took. In fact, strange as it may seem, she relied more than ever on the scenes she turned into view in the kaleidoscope in her moments of depression on

board the "Ellen Maria." Poor little incurable Mary!

Speaking of the kaleidoscope, it was a source of amusement and comfort to more than Mary Wentworth on that long voyage across the sea. No one else on the ship, it appeared, had even known about kaleidoscopes, let alone looked into one. It was therefore regarded by Mary's new-made friends with great curiosity. Once it got into the hands of one of them, there was no getting it away from him. He turned it over and over for new aspects of the highly colored scenes. Most of them had been content with what they could see with the eyes of their head, but some, like Mary, used the eyes of their imagination as well, filling the pictures in where they lacked.

(To be Continued)

Game Fish

It's easy to drift as the current flows;
It's easy to move as the deep tide goes;
But the answer comes when the breakers crash
And strike the soul with a bitter lash—
When the goal ahead is an endless fight
Through a sunless day and a starless night,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swim up stream."

The spirit wanes when it knows no load;
The soul turns soft down the Easy Road.
There's fun enough in the thrill and throb,
But life in the main is an uphill job;
And it's better so, where the softer game
Leaves too much fat on a weakened frame,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swim up stream."

When the clouds bank in—and the soul turns blue—
When Fate holds fast and you can't break through—
When trouble sweeps like a tidal wave,
And Hope is a ghost by an open grave,
You have reached the test in a frame of mind
Where only the quitters fall behind.
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream—
"Only the game fish swim up stream."

—*Olive Ford, Secretary of the Merced, Sunday School, Calif. Mission.*



Cathedral Gulch, Nevada.

THE ANCIENT DOORS.

Photo by H. R. Merrill.

TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM

First Chorus:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye ancient doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Second Chorus:

Who is this King of Glory?

First Chorus:

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord Mighty in battle.

First Chorus:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Second Chorus:

Who is this King of Glory?

First Chorus:

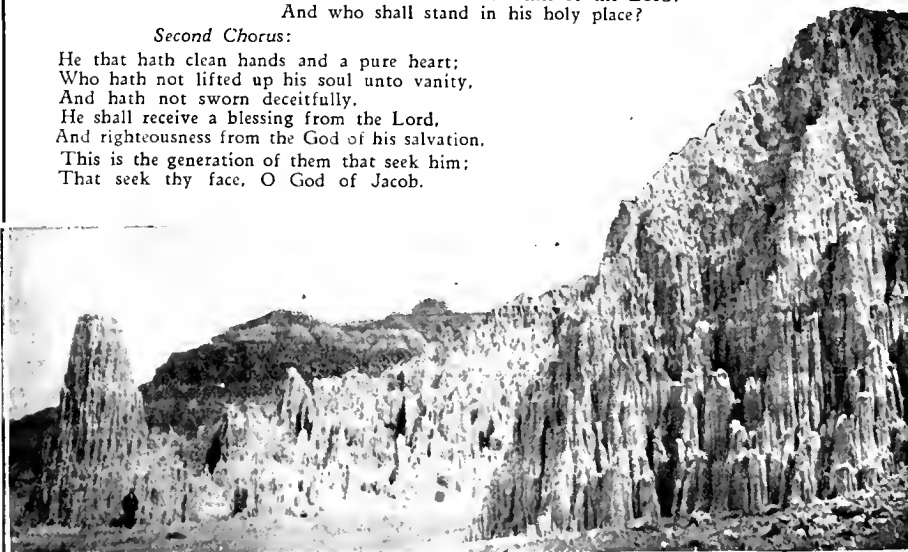
The Lord of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory.

First Chorus:

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

Second Chorus:

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him;
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.



Cathedral Gulch, Nevada.

CELESTIAL TOWERS.

Photo by H. R. Merrill.



By Harold H. Jensen

SARAH JANE RICH MILLER

Salt Lake City was not only the first home of the pioneers of 1847, but still is the residing place of most of the veterans of the original companies who are living today. Among these is Sarah Jane Rich Miller, now 86 years of age, who is still active and one of the most congenial and good natured ladies one could ever meet. Though her hair is white, her cheeks still retain a tinge of pink and she always wears a smile. Her life has been one of trials and service for others. Her friends number by the hundreds and she takes an interest in everything. It seems as though she has discovered the secret of youth.

Following is a sketch of her life given the writer especially for "The Juvenile Instructor." "My parents were born and reared in America. Father was the late Apostle Charles C. Rich and mother Sarah De Anman Pea. They were married February 11, 1838, in Far West, Missouri. I was born in Quincy, Illinois, March 4, 1839, and was blessed and named by the first Patriarch of the Church, Joseph Smith, Sr., when I was about ten weeks old. I was baptized when eight years of age and crossed the plains in my father's company in 1847."

This chronological introduction prefaces many interesting happenings in her life. She tells of coming to the valley which was a sad occasion, for her grandmother died on the very eve of arrival. But let Mrs. Miller tell her own story: "My grandmother Nancy Oner Rich, wife of Joseph Rich had been very ill for several weeks but wanted to see the valley. Three wag-

ons came on ahead as the company was halted by broken axles and the trail was blocked. Hence my grandfather Rich and others, including myself, came in ahead of the company, arriving where the monument now stands at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, on October 1, 1847. About one hour before sunset grandmother was raised up and took a look at the valley. She thanked God the journey was over and said: 'We are home at last.' Next morning the company came on and moved down to the north of where the fort was being started. Here she passed to the Great Beyond, having reached the end of her journey so far as this world was concerned, but happy in the thought that she had reached her objective. She was the first adult, so far as I know, to die in the valley, and was buried October 6.

"We lived in our wagons and tents until the snow came, before we got into a house. I was glad to get a place that would be a home. We, as a family, were rationed for two years, as those in charge did not know what kind of crops would grow and they had to save seed for the second year. Our rations were weighed out every morning, sometimes consisting of two ounces and sometimes four ounces of food a day to each person. This was in 1847 and 1848. In 1849 crops were good, and we had plenty. We lived in a log house. All the houses were alike, with doors and windows all on the inside, as the back wall formed the wall of the old fort. Only one little port hole in each house was made in this wall just to shoot through in case Indians should attack. This old fort stood where Pioneer Park now stands

and I thought when visiting the place with the pioneers during the celebration a few years ago, "My what a change!" Beautiful green foliage today hides the traces of what formerly formed our playground of bare ground. We were happy even then in our closed quarters, thankful that God had preserved our lives and given us such protection.

"The first celebration was held August 10, 1848, after the crickets had been killed and this was certainly a right time to rejoice; for none but those who have experienced such trials can realize our sufferings. To see what little crops you had devoured almost over night by these pests, would break the spirit of almost anyone. Truly it was only through the providence of God in sending the seagulls that our lives were saved. This celebration was also held in honor of harvest time. I remember seeing men marching around the fort carrying vegetables, instead of banners. Parley P. Pratt had a bunch of wheat tied on a stick and carried it on his shoulders.

"Speaking of pioneer militias. In the spring of 1849 I recall the brethren organizing a militia after the pattern of the Nauvoo Legion, and gave it the name of Nauvoo Legion of Deseret. There was no government here, except "Mormon" government, until 1850, when Brigham Young was appointed governor of Utah, yet we got along well together. Friends were real friends in those days and shared many a time the last crust of bread with a neighbor. We realized how dependent we were on each other, and although trivial differences sometimes arose, we lived in peace and harmony giving praise to the Lord for His many blessings. The militia was organized for protection against the Indians, though luckily we did not experience any fighting, for President Young's policy "It is better to feed them than fight them" was carried out and found very successful.

"The first necessary industry in the valley was naturally found to be the making of adobes for houses, getting out logs and building houses to live in. A sawpit was also made to whipsaw lumber for doors, floors, etc. The people were very industrious. Many did weaving, knitting, sewing and such things. The pioneers' clothing usually consisted of whatever they had when they left civilization, some nice and some for everyday wear. In the summer of 1849 Livingston and Kinkaid brought the first train of groceries, dry goods, etc. by ox team and opened a store in the 17th Ward at the corner of West Temple and First North, in what was then John Pack's house. They sold things reasonable and remained there until President Young built a storehouse for them and called it the Constitution Building, right where the present building of that name stands.

"Young folks of today should appreciate the blessings they enjoy. In our days we did not have the lovely clothes and good foods that exist now. Many a time as children we hunted the hills for sego roots, wild onions and thistles. In fact we ate any wild foodstuff that was palatable. I think today when I pass down Main street and see the beautiful buildings, of that early day when the only thing that greeted the eye was a barren sagebrush plain. Truly the desert has blossomed as the rose and truly we have much to be thankful for. All my life has been spent in service for others and I am not sorry for it, for after all we get the most pleasure in doing good. One thing that we had in those early days was respect for those over us, and especially our parents. Their word was law and saved us from many difficulties. We knew enough to ask advice and to take it and profit thereby. We also knew what work meant. Hours were never set for us, but it meant toil from early morn until late

at night. Our school was also primitive at first but later we secured good training, and it is remarkable to me when I think of it, what wonderful education we did secure under the circumstances. I also think of the wonderful strides made in education today and wonder if the young people appreciate their opportunities.

"Everything has been put on the earth for a purpose and my advice to all would be to work hard at what-

ever you do, cultivate the spirit of the pioneers who stopped at no odds, but by faith and perseverance won over all obstacles and have shown that their efforts were not in vain.

"I want in closing to thank those who take an interest in the old folks, for little kindnesses are never forgotten. Young people of today should remember they will be the older folks of tomorrow and good deeds done now will come back tenfold."

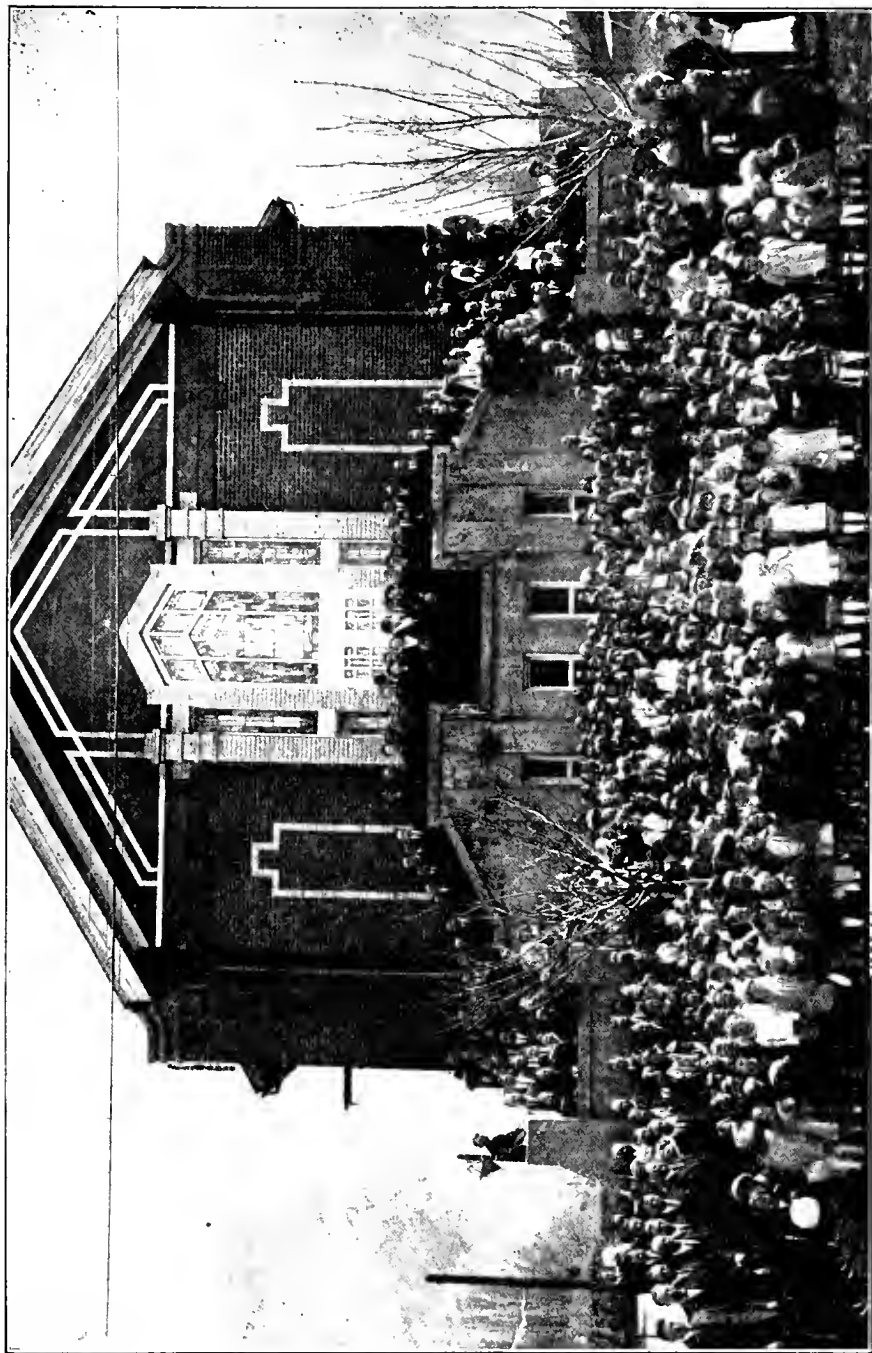
Playing the Game

By Zina Woolf Hickman.

I'm settin' by the winder in the ole arm chair,
 An' birds is buildin' of their nests, and spring is ever' where;
 An' out there on the sidewalk where the ground is smooth and flat
 The boys is slingin' tops an' playin' jacks an' one ole cat;
 It 'minds me of the days when I was jest a cub,
 And ust to play late after school, with mother at the tub;
 I was sure to get a lickin' or mebbe haf to go to bed
 With a big hole in my stummick, an' purt nigh bustin' head;
 But there was somethin' so enticin' that I didn't give a care,
 For the games were played in innicence and the players strictly fair.

They's somethin' mighty curious about them bygone days,
 For now I come to ricollect, it's been jest so always,
 Jest when the game's excitin' an' you're 'bout to win a trick,
 It's time to be gittin' home, a feller wants to kick.
 At first I ust to always stay jest five minutes more,
 But mother'd be a waitin' with her stick, behind the door;
 She'd say, "I hate to do it son, it hurts me more'n you,
 But 't seems that I could talk an' talk until my face was blue."
 For somehow them five minutes stretch to hours unaware,
 When the game was played in innicence and the players strictly fair.

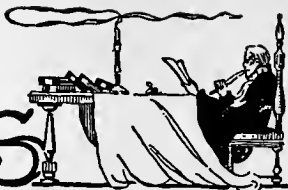
I look back over all them years of life's endurin' game,
 An' seems to me that every stage is played about the same;
 I've allus felt the worst when I wasn't on the square,
 At marbles, mumble peg, or fox and hare;
 An' when I growed to manhood an' had bigger tricks to make,
 I learned that to live and love, you've got to give an' take;
 An' I don't care what the game is nor what the people say,
 With God there ain't no high nor low so long's you mind your play;
 An' He ain't so pertickler I'm bound fer to declare,
 If the game is played in innicence, and the players strictly fair.



TWELFTH WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL, MT. OGDEN STAKE, OGDEN UTAH

Picture taken Easter Sunday, 1924. Since that time the ward has been divided into three. Officers at time picture was taken: Alfred Stevenson, Superintendent; Ross H. McCune, First Assistant; Clarence G. Ekland, Second Assistant; Belva Foulger, Secretary; Kyle Passey, Assistant Secretary.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY - - JUNE, 1925

The Children Are Calling*

I rejoice at the privilege of meeting with you once again, of putting my shoulder with yours to the wheel, and of doing something to bless the children who are entrusted to us. The theme tonight, suggested by the program committee, is "The Children are Calling."

Before emphasizing the responsibility

*Address delivered by General Superintendent David O. McKay at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 5, 1925.

ity of Sunday School workers I have been asked to say a word regarding these children. First, then, will you follow me for a few moments in considering the question of who these children are? Let the answer come from a prophet of God who lived on the American continent several hundred years ago. He says: "Little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world; if not so, God is a partial God, and also a changeable God, and a respecter to persons * *

* I am filled with charity, which is everlasting love; wherefore all children are alike unto me; wherefore I love little children with a perfect love; and they are all alike and partakers of salvation." Children, then, are recipients of God's favor; they are entitled without condition to His omnipotent, beneficent love.

An American writer, looking at a babe lying on its mother's arms, said, "A babe by its mother lies bathed in joy, Glide the hours uncounted, the sun is its toy, Shines the peace of all being without cloud in its eyes, And the sum of the universe in soft miniature lies."

For the happiness and eternal life of this "sum of the universe," this child, of whom God has said "of such is the kingdom of heaven," the Church of Jesus Christ is organized among the children of men.

A little child is the personification of truth and virtue. "Of such," Jesus said, "is the kingdom of heaven," As the child is the center of the universe, the sum of the universe, so is the child the center around which all Sunday School organizations revolve. For the child's welfare are organized all departments, are appointed all committees, are held all conventions and

Union meetings, are printed all magazines and courses of study, are prepared all lessons in the General Board, ninety-four stake boards, and twelve hundred or more local boards here in the Church. Tonight ten thousand people and more have joined in singing that inspiring children's song,

"In our lovely Deseret,
Where the Saints of God have met,
There's a multitude of children all
around."

But that multitude of children are not confined within the stakes of Zion; they are down in the South Sea Islands; some of them are as far south as Hobart, in Tasmania; some of them are in the land of the midnight sun; they are all through the countries of Germany, France, Switzerland, and other European countries; they are in the fifteen conferences of the British Isles; there is a little group tonight away up in Aleppo, Syria—a multitude of children calling, calling. For what? "They are generous and brave," you have sung; "they have precious souls to save, they must listen and obey the gospel's sound." For what are these children calling? What is the child's heritage? I am going to name just a few of these blessings to which the child is entitled and which, when he calls, he should receive.

First, the child is entitled to health, which includes a pure birth. No child should be shackled as the journey of life he begins by the chains forged by sinful parents.

"Folks talk too much of a soul from
heavenly joys debarred,

But not enough of the babes unborn, by
the sins of their fathers scarred."

O, how my heart swells with gratitude as I realize that I am looking into the faces and into the hearts of ten thousand Sunday School workers who are marching under the banner of parental purity, by virtue of which every child receives its heritage, God-given, at birth.

Then the health, the vigor of child-

hood belongs to it. I rejoice that I am looking into the faces of stake workers, theological workers, and parents' class members who are studying earnestly, without compensation, ways and means of giving to our children that health to which they are entitled.

The second heritage for which they call, and not in vain in the Church of Christ, is the heritage of happiness. O, that light laughter of the little boy! O, the merry, ringing shout of childhood! What music! Truly, throughout the stakes of Zion and in the mission field wherever little children gather, they are in the atmosphere of true happiness, because happiness is founded in virtue, in high principles.

Another heritage to which the child is entitled is the privilege of being guided along the journey of life by the Holy Spirit. No little child should be groping in darkness unattended by the inspiration which comes through the revelation of the Holy Priesthood. Every child should come under that divine influence. The child receives this heritage only by obedience to the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The companionship of the Holy Ghost comes through righteous living, through obedience to principles of repentance, to principles of chastity and purity. "My Spirit," saith God, "will not dwell in unclean tabernacles."

Finally, the heritage of the child, as the prophet said, is the presence of the Redeemer. Even now you can hear the words of the Master gently rebuking those who would have withdrawn the children from him, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I wish it were possible for this congregation to see the 200,000 children who are standing tonight at the crossroads of life, wondering which road to take in order that these blessings which are theirs, and others which I have not named, might be obtained in this life. The only way that we can

give them these things is by personal contact with them. Let me urge my fellow workers to seek the company of childhood—not only during class period, although that is an excellent opportunity, but on other occasions as well—the presence of the children, who are longing to partake of your sympathy and influence.

Last November I saw a little child, a little Liverpool waif, seeking the warmth that came through an open door of a furnace in an engine that was standing on the side of the street. The coals were still bright and burning, for the last working hour of the day had just passed. This little waif was bare armed, bare footed, bare headed, and only a shirt, partly open on his chest, covered the upper part of his little body. It had been a cold, dreary day. I wore my overcoat and still felt the chill of that damp November evening. I was walking toward the house from Lime Street, when I saw this little waif standing within the area of the heat from the furnace. Walking he chanced to feel the warmth, but seemed to hesitate to go closer. He stood just on the side of the walk, basking in that warmth, which he seemed to feel really did not belong to him. I shall never forget that picture. I mention it tonight because I believe there are hundreds, if not thousands and tens of thousands of little boys and girls in the world who are asking for the warmth of the love that only teachers and parents can give them, that can come I repeat, only by personal contact.

Two hundred thousand Sunday School children, then, and more, are calling, from all parts of the world.

"They must be instructed young
How to watch and guard the tongue.
And their tempers train and evil pas-
sions bind;
They should always be polite,
And treat everybody right,
And in every place be affable and kind."

So have you sung tonight. These are just some of the principles which you need to teach them; these are but some

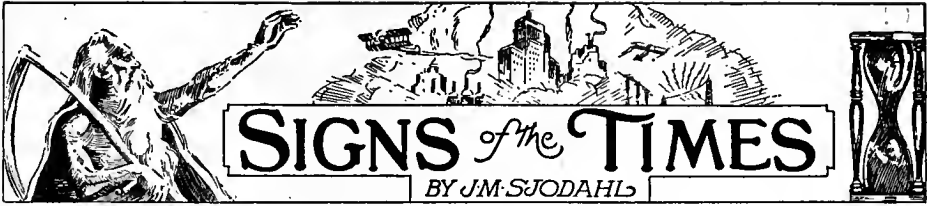
of the virtues which will lead them along the road that brings them to the principles of life and salvation, obedience to which takes them into the presence of their Redeemer, their rightful heritage.

If the two hundred thousand children were here tonight, we would let them give their call and afterwards receive the answer from the boards as to what the latter are doing to answer this call. We cannot bring the two hundred thousand here, but we can bring their representatives, and we are going to ask this little group to give this call, in their own way and in their own language. From the islands of the sea, from Europe, even from Asia, from all the missions in the United States, from all the stakes of Zion, these little ones come.

[At this point Brother McKay was surrounded by a group of children, appropriately costumed, representing the children of the Church throughout the world, whose call for guidance was voiced by one of them and responded to by the "Spirit of Truth" who introduced other characters representing the following virtues, and who responded with characteristic admonitions: "Fidelity," "Honesty," "Chastity," and "Self-Control."]

Fellow workers, you have heard the call of childhood. You have heard it said, and you know it is true, that every board, every organization, every class, is organized for the purpose of answering this call. We now should like to know what the Boards are doing to touch the life of the child. Some of you think that the General Board and the stake boards are so far removed from the children that they cannot contribute to the heritage which is the child's. We desire to know the answer tonight from each, and so shall ask the General Board to rise, and by its representatives give the answer.

[The members of the General Board who were present arose. Their answer will be published in our next issue.]



WOMEN'S PLACE IN THE SUN

Apropos of the significance of Mother's day, celebrated May 10, it may be proper to mention a meeting of the American National Woman Suffrage Association held at Washington, D. C., April 23 on which date that organization was disbanded after an existence of nearly 75 years. But on the same occasion Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt suggested that the women of all political parties come together to find out "why there are not more women in our legislatures, whether women are unwilling to be candidates for or to support other women for office," etc., etc.

On the face of it, such an organization, if it could be formed, would result in the consolidation of one sex against another for political purposes. The effects of that might be division and strife in many a home about political affairs, such as there used to be during the times of bigotry regarding religion, and equally bitter.

Fortunately, on April 24, our newly appointed attorney-general, John Garibaldi Sargent, had an opportunity of addressing a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. He answered Mrs. Catt, indirectly, and boldly stated that woman's political activity must be made secondary to the home and family, if the nation is to be saved. The speaker said in part:

"The woman of 1925 occupies a far different position in the political world, on the surface of things, than did the woman of 1775, and yet, by the inexorable laws of nature, laws which cannot be changed by legislation or constitutional amendment, the woman of 1925 is the mother of the nation and the duties of the mother to her family are exactly the same now as then; her responsibility for the character of the generation which follows her is a great as was that of her great-

grandmother. It is she, and she only, who can make or mar the life of the nation by daily instilling into the life of the child from its first conscious moment a spirit of obedience to the rules of society of which he is a part, or allowing him to start to grow up in the promptings of his own desires and pleasures for the moment."

He added that, "no amount of schooling, of preaching, of lecturing, of legislation, can take the place of the mother's influence."

This seems to me to be the truth, and appropriate in our day and age, and it is as applicable to men as women. No schooling, no lecturing can take the place of the father's influence in the home. To the father, too, the home must be the center of interest. Our government does not require the citizens, whether men or women, to center their thoughts and interests in the management of public affairs. It requires them to elect representatives to do that for them, and when they have done that conscientiously, their whole public duty is performed. That is why we call ours a representative government. But every citizen, man or woman, is supposed to build up and maintain the home, for the perpetuation and welfare of the state. Politics is but a means of serving the home, which, after all is a divine institution, in which men and women stand, or should stand, in the stead and as representatives of God.

THE ELECTION IN GERMANY

Since our last paper on the Signs of the Times was written an event has occurred in Germany, which has caused, throughout Europe and America, a sensation similar to that of a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. I refer to the election of Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, to the office of president of

the German republic.

Only six years ago Hindenburg was regarded as one of the most dangerous persons in Europe; in fact, to satisfy public clamor, it was proposed to seize him, among others, and try them for their lives. That the German voters now have bestowed upon him the highest honor possible is giving the rest of Europe a great deal of concern, and the question on every hand is, what next?

On the answer to that question, the opinions are divided. It is pointed out that Hindenburg did not have a majority vote, and that his powers as president are very limited. It is also said that, probably, he himself is not a great statesman, and less dangerous at the head of the German government than an intellectual giant like Bismark would have been. But, on the other hand, it is also true that this first popular presidential vote in Germany proves that the people as a whole are not yet looking forward to the promised land of liberty, but that many are longing for the fleshpots of military bondage, even if they know that the price or the luxury is the sacrifice of their own children, as in the case of Israel in Egypt.

But the chief danger is not what Hindenburg may do, or what his sympathizers may plan, but what the French people will do. The liberal voters and leaders in France have lately shown a disposition to enter into cordial relations with Germany. Will the election bring about a change in this respect? The Paris *Temps* has already taken occasion to say that "it is not the political genius of this old man, dragged from his retirement in Hanover, that is disquieting. It is the forces of reaction which can be seen behind him and which through him hope to hasten the hour when Germany will again be ready for conflict." If the French generally take that view, the world may as well look forward to another slaughter feast before the coming of the Prince

of Peace and the confinement of the adversary in the "bottomless pit."

As Latter-day Saints we can, however, look forward with confidence for the Word of God shall not fail.

"It's comin' yet, for a' that—

That man to man, the world o'er

Shall brithers be for a' that."—

Burns.

THE NORTH POLE

Arctic explorations are among the leading features of the year.

Donald F. McMillan, a noted explorer who has spent years in the Arctic regions, intends starting on another northward trip in June. His purpose is to travel by aeroplanes, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Byrd of the naval bureau of aeronautics, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society.

Mr. McMillan believes there is in the unexplored regions of the Arctic, an unknown land which he has named Arctica. If it exists, he is likely to find it.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer of polar regions, is possibly now at the pole. He left Daynes' Island, north of Spitzbergen on May 21. The distance between that hopping off place and the Pole is about 680 miles, and he should have been able to make that, in his planes in 8 hours. At this writing, May 26, he has not returned, and the world is fearing he has met with disaster.

Dr. Nansen also, another veteran Arctic explorer, intends going to the Pole in a specially constructed dirigible, but not till next year.

It is not only curiosity that prompts these excursions into the forbidding northern regions. Scientists are eagerly looking for knowledge that can be obtained only there. Geographers want to know what portion of the surface is land and how much water there is. Meteorologists are anxious to find out all about the air—how the cold waves originate; what the temperature

is in the various air strata; the wind currents, the moisture, what becomes of the enormous quantities of fresh water the rivers discharge into the salty ocean water; where they mix with the Gulf stream; the nature of magnetic and electric phenomena, and so on. All these subjects of study are important for practical purposes, and to gain reliable knowledge is now the purpose of such explorations.

DANGER OF SMOKING

Some time ago I took the liberty of expressing, in this paper, my conviction that public places where smoking is permitted, against the law, as on the scene in some of our vaudeville houses, are not safe places to frequent. Since then The Actuarial Bureau of the National Board of Underwriters has issued a table showing the cause of the 436,162 fires that occurred in the United States during the year 1923, and which caused a total loss of over \$500,000,000. The causes, as reported, were many: Sparks on roofs; defective chimneys and flues; smoking;

stoves and furnaces; spontaneous combustion; electric appliances; lightning, etc. In 14 states smoking was the principal cause of destruction by fire, and in the others it contributed a very large portion of the loss sustained. The total cost to the public for fire insurance to cover the loss on account of smoking the year mentioned was \$29,045,007. And I am sorry to say that Utah is one of the 14 states in which smoking is the principal cause of conflagrations. The loss in this state in 1923 alone was \$207,556. (See Literary Digest, May 9, 1925.)

It is no longer than Aug. 29, last year since the grand stand on the Fair grounds was totally destroyed by a cigarette smoker, who lit a \$50,000 fire which endangered the lives of hundreds of persons.

Is it not time to demand the enforcement of the restrictive smoking law, which, although weak, is intended for the protection of the public? It seems to me that right here at home a great deal of intelligent missionary labor is needed for the good of all of us.

In the Garden of the Lord

(A poetical message from one who sees, though physically blind, deaf and dumb.)

And my blind eyes were touched with light.
And there was laid upon my lips a flame of fire.
The word of God came unto me,
Sitting alone among the multitudes;

I laugh and shout, for life is good,
Though my feet are set in silent ways.
In merry mood I leave the crowd
To walk in my garden. Ever as I walk
I gather fruits and flowers in my hands;

And, with joyful heart, I bless the sun
That kindles all the place with radiant life.
I run with playful winds that blow the scent
Of rose and jessamine in eddying whirls.

At last I come where tall lilies grow,
Lifting their faces, like white saints, to God.
While the lilies pray, I kneel upon the ground
I have strayed into the holy temple of the Lord.

—Helen Keller, in *New-Church Messenger*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Andante. M. ♩ = 76.

EDWARD P. KIMBALL.



SACRAMENT GEM FOR AUGUST, 1925

While of these emblems we partake
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

Postlude



CONCERT RECITATION FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN AUGUST

(Doctrine and Covenants, Section 42, Verse 42)

"Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer."

FOR REMAINING SUNDAYS IN AUGUST

(Twenty-third Psalm; Verses 1 to 3)

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we should be industrious and courageous?

The Lord said, "Thou shalt not idle away thy time, neither shalt thou bury thy talent that it may not be known." Doc. and Cov. 60:13.

Again He said, "I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness * * * These things ought not to be, and must be done away from among them." Doc. and Cov. 68:31, 32.

It is significant that idleness very often begets wickedness. You have often heard the expression—"An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

The Lord abhors idleness. He has so plainly stated so in so many places.

Then too, the very organization of His Church, indicates that He wants work for all of His children. There is work of some kind in the Church for every one to do.

He told Adam that he should earn his living by the sweat of his brow.

Physical idleness begets weak muscles and inactive and diseased vital organs. Mental idleness causes weakened mentality.

On the other hand, activity, work, increase the power of the physical as well as the mental faculties.

To do what is right, to be active in doing constructive things, requires courage. How often are we criticised for doing our tasks while others are at play? It requires supreme courage to do what we

feel and know is right, when others oppose and ridicule.

Perhaps the following quotations will be helpful to teachers in the presentation of this lesson.

"But in a righteous life, with earnest purposes, with industry, with patience, with usefulness and courage, there need be no fear. Cast out timidity. Be brave. Take hold. Do your work, and trust God." Calvin Dill Wilson in "Making the Most of Ourselves."

"Courage is the fundamental fact of success. It makes us strong in doing what we have resolved upon."

"Courage creates a resolute, influential, strong character, a determined will and a commanding force. It secures respect for our aim, and confidence and interest in our purpose."

"Courage implies thoroughness, forethought, deliberation, tact. Courage is identified with actions rather than words." Herbert Edward Law in "The Power of Mental Demand."

Plutarch says, "Courage consists not in hazarding with fear, but in being resolute in a just cause."

Work says, "I am the friend and guide of every worthy youth. If he values me, no prize or place is beyond his reach. If he slights me he can have no enviable record." from Forbes "Keys to Success."

Read chapter III in Babson's "Fundamentals of Prosperity."

Teachers can well recall the accomplishments of the founders of the Church and the pioneers to illustrate this lesson. Washington, Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson, Edison, Fulton, Morse accomplished what they did through industry and courage to stick with their ideals.



Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

WORK FOR AUGUST, 1925

(For Sunday Schools having only three departments)

Theological—Text: "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by B. H. Roberts.

Intermediate—Text: "Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans.

Primary—Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

See respective departments, this issue, for outlines.

CHORISTERS and ORGANISTS' **DEPARTMENT**

Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

Song Analysis

"Joseph the Blest" (No. 260, D. S. S.
Songs)

By P. Melvin Petersen

How many of us think of what happened and appreciate the sacrifice made by the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum, on June 27th 1844?

Although it was written commemorating the Prophet's birth, can we not use this beautiful song to remind us of the work of the Prophet, and help us to appreciate the many trials and hardships through which he passed. Do we appreciate the fact that he gave his life for the work of the Lord?

To appreciate the Prophet let us recall incidents in his life.

We will also see why Lula Greene Richards wrote:

"Father of life and light,
In heav'n above,
This world Thou makest bright,
Warmed by Thy love.

Who didst on earth bestow,
One hundred years ago,
Joseph, the Prophet dear,
Joseph the mighty seer."

Can you get the spirit of this song by visualizing incidents in his life? Will it help to think of the many virtues he possessed, such as his reverence and love for God, his devotion to the cause of truth, his love for man, his fearlessness for right and his humble, forgiving spirit and noble character? Look into his life; jot down a few important events. After this you will surely get the true spirit of the song.

How may we determine the general character of the music? Some can determine the character by looking at the music, but the best and surest way is to play and sing the song carefully and thoughtfully.

Our next step is to analyse the word and poetic content. Will all the children understand these and other phrases?

"Joseph by angels led,
Whose blood for truth was shed,
'Mid error's strife."

Also this,

"Let the glad Gospel cry
Fill every clime."

Before one can present a song intelligently he must know the music perfectly and have mastered all the technical problems.

"Joseph the Blest" is written in the key of D major, three-quarter measure. The key and measure signature are of equal importance to the organist, whereas the chorister gets his pitch or key from the organ; but he must know the meaning of the measure signature, so that he can interpret the printed page, observing proper accent and to direct according to the established form.

Let us not confuse the rhythmic figure—dotted quarter followed by an eighth with the dotted eighth followed by a sixteenth. These are outstanding rhythmic figures. The triplet is also an important figure. Do these figures need special drill?

You will observe the composer's note at the end of the song. This note should be disregarded generally because we can sing the whole song in four parts. It is true that the soprano voice has the outstanding melody, but this melody is beautified by adding the alto, tenor and bass voices.

There may be some confusion because there are five parts written to this song, but upon investigation we will find that the one part written alone is just the same as the upper or soprano part on the second staff.

Repetition plays a very important part in all music and particularly in this song. If we note these repetitions our memory work will be simplified. How many times is the first four measures repeated exactly or with slight modification? Are any other musical phrases repeated?

The composer has given us a key to the interpretation when he said, sing "majestically and with fervor." This will be accomplished if we observe the accent marks as indicated and maintain a rather strict and dignified tempo. One hundred and twenty quarter notes per minute is about the right speed.

In developing the technical side of this song are you going to overlook the soul-quality, tone-quality, enunciation, etc.?

For further helps on song study and song presentation see outlines in April, 1925 Juvenile Instructor.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Charles H. Hart,
George N. Child, and Milton Bennion*

WORK FOR AUGUST

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Subject: How home and school may cooperate in child training.

Text: Section VIII. Part I.

Objective: To show how home and school training may supplement each other.

Supplementary References: O'Shea, M. V.—"The Child; His Nature and His Needs," especially Part III.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Secure the cooperation of your school principal or of one of the classroom teachers in working out details of this lesson.

Prepare a list of illustrations from your own experience and observation, or from your reading, of methods of home and school cooperation in training children in health habits, thrift, study habits, or other phases of moral training such as truthfulness, honesty, industry.

Questions for Teachers

1. To what extent should the child be "naturalized into the social order," when he enters school?

2. In what ways may home and school cooperate in further training of the child in the ways of the "social order?"—That is, to conform to the customs, manners, and moral standards of the community.

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Subject: The School code and Program of study.

Text: Section VIII. Part II.

Objective: To become better acquainted with the aims and methods of public school work.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Secure the cooperation of professional school people.

Get clearly in mind the aims of the

school education and the means adopted to realize these aims. What subjects are taught in the public schools and why? Why is the teaching of religion excluded, and what means are taken by the home and the Church to make up for this omission?

Questions for Teachers

1. Why do we have compulsory education laws?

2. Why are school courses of study frequently changed?

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Subject: Education Essential to success.

Text: Section VIII. Part III.

Objective: To get a clear notion of the meaning of education and its importance in modern life.

Supplementary References: Same as given for lesson of August 9th; L. D. S. Church reports, showing the amount spent by the Church for education; College and University catalogues or other bulletins outlining courses of study.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: This subject should be thought out with great care. Even professional educators may have wrong notions about the meaning and the values of education. Education is not identical with schooling; although proper schooling is very helpful in securing both liberal and professional education. Knowledge is valuable in the proportion it is used for the betterment of the individual and society. In this connection moral and spiritual betterment should be emphasized. The college trained man, instead of feeling superior to his less privileged fellows, should have a keener sense of his responsibility to them, and his obligation to be of greatest service to God and man.

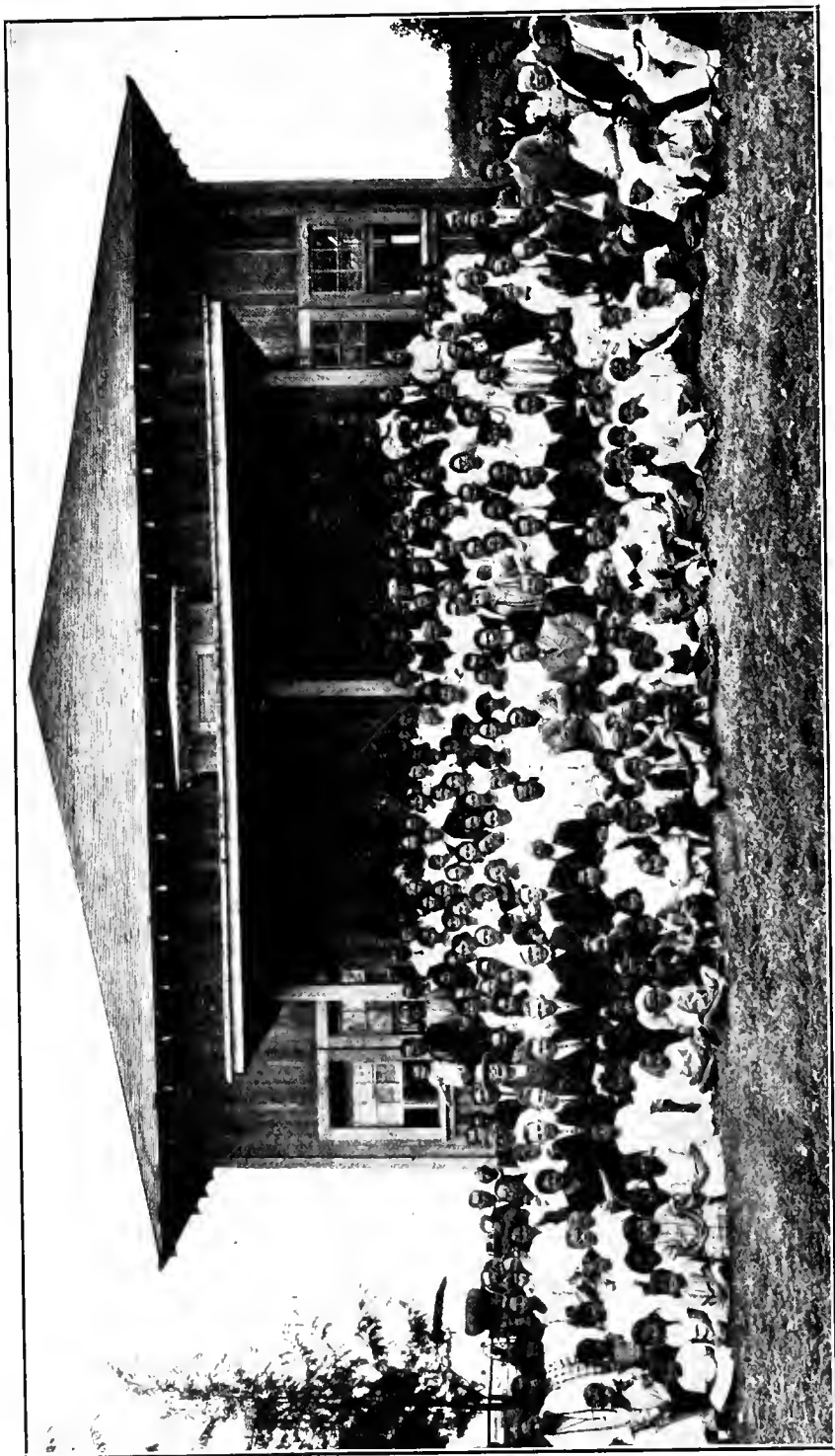
Questions for Teachers

1. What are the essential characteristics of an educated man or woman?

2. Why is the highly educated person under greater obligation to his fellows than is one who has had little opportunity to become educated beyond the elementary school?

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Local Subjects



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF KAPAA, KAUAI, T. H., HAWAIIAN MISSION
Picture taken at Conference held Sunday, November 23, 1924. Mission President,
Elder Eugene J. Neff; Conference President, Elder Stanley F. Scholes.



General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Robert L. Judd; Third and Fourth Years, Albert E. Bowen.

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

WORK FOR AUGUST, 1925

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Lesson 21. Paul's First Missionary Journey

Chapter 25. "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

After the many interesting details of this lesson have been fully treated take Paul's first recorded sermon (Acts 12:14-41) and consider with the students the proof submitted by Paul of the truthfulness of Christ's mission and plan, and what is to be accomplished by living in accordance with Christ's plan.

Questions for Teachers

1. What must a man have before he can be a real missionary, and did Paul have it?
2. Give examples of things accomplished through such a gift in the latter days.

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 22. Paul's First Missionary Journey (Continued)

Chapter 26. "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

In covering the points of this lesson bring out the striking parallel between the experiences of Paul and Barnabas in carrying forth the Gospel in their day and the experiences of our early elders in carrying forth the restored Gospel. Make a point of the fact that in those days the Gospel was being preached to those who knew nothing of it, and in the latter days it was being preached to a supposedly Christian people.

In closing the lesson leave with the class how the strength of Paul's faith was evidenced by his power to heal and to teach under difficulties.

Give other illustrations of miracles evidencing the strength of man's faith.

Questions for Teachers

1. Why did the Jews always stir up the people to persecute Paul and Barnabas?
2. What do you consider the outstanding feature of this first missionary journey of Paul and Barnabas?

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Lesson 23. Early Persecutions of the Saints.

Chapter 23. "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

That the martyrdom of James and other important events of this lesson may be fully realized by the students consider with them the following:

Why is it that persecution always follows the Church of God?

Why do all religionists unite in persecuting the Latter-day Saints? Is the fact that they do, any evidence of the divinity of the Church?

Give instances of the persecution of the former Latter-day Saints and set out what the effect has been.

Questions for Teachers

1. What would be the effect of Peter's deliverance upon the people following so closely the martyrdom of James?
2. From what point of view will you teach the incident of the death of Herod Agrippa?

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Lesson 24. Paul and Barnabas.

Chapter 24. "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

Beginning with this chapter and lesson we deal for the remainder of the course with Paul and those associated with him in his three great missionary trips. Teachers should now be prepared with proper maps, if maps have not been used before. We would suggest, too, that you get a map showing the same country today following the world war.

Make clear that up to this time the preaching of the Gospel has been confined to Palestine and very near-by lo-

calities. Point out the condition of Europe and Asia under the Roman rule of that day.

Review the lives of Paul and Barnabas up to this point.

Show how we may be of most service to mankind if we are in the service of our Master, and point out the opportunity for service all of us have right at home. Enrollment work in Sunday School. Assisting with Ward teaching.

Questions for Teachers

1. What are three attributes of character that make the best missionaries?
2. Did Paul and Barnabas have these?

Advanced Theological Department

Outlines for Ecclesiastical History

WORK FOR AUGUST, 1925

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Lesson 21. Religious questions involved in the Reformation (Free Will and Predestination.)

References: Text. Chapter 2, part III.

Objective: To show that man must earn his own Salvation, through observance of God's laws.

Questions for Teachers

1. What is meant by Free Agency, and what relationship does it bear, if any, to obedience to law?
2. What were the conflicting views on this subject, and what were their respective consequences?

There could profitably be assigned for report a study of penances as prescribed by the Catholic Church. An interesting discussion could easily be incited and guided concerning the relative merits of conflicting views relative to the place of Free Agency in human development. The value of any view should be tested by its ultimate effect on human conduct and

this test should be insisted upon in class discussion.

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 22. The Effect of the Rebellion against Papal Authority

Reference: Text, Chapter 3, Part III.

Objective: To show that it is necessary to orderly religious development and progress, that there be divinely authorized guidance.

Questions for Teachers

1. What is the doctrine of the Catholic Church relative to the regulation of human conduct?
2. How did the Protestant view differ from this, and with what consequences?

Here the contending views of Catholics and Protestants relative to authoritative regulation of human conduct should be compared. Out of the discussion there should be developed the true position. The consequences of the throwing off of authority by the Reformers should be noted, and the true place of and necessity for authoritative guidance should be made to appear.

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Lesson 23. The Reformation outside of Germany.

References: Text, pp. 252-258.

Objective: To show the processes by which the peoples of Europe were being prepared for liberation from the power of the Papacy.

Questions for Teachers

1. Compare the views of Zwingle, Calvin and Luther.
2. How do you account for the fact that leaders in different European countries, acting independently, were so similarly taking issue with the Catholic Church?
3. What were the features of Catholic worship which these leaders opposed?

We suggest there be assigned, in advance, to different members of the class, for outside study and report, the work and teachings of Zwingle and Calvin. Almost any history dealing with the period may be used. Let their views be compared by the class and the merits of them be discussed. It will be desirable

to have the class master in some detail their views relative to church organization and government, and its relation to civil government. Compare their views with Luther's. How do you account for their similarities? Their differences? What central idea did they have in common? What is the significance of that? Interest may be fostered by assigning for report also a study of the French persecutions.

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Lesson 24. The Reformation outside of Germany (Continued)

Objective: The same as previous lesson.

Questions for Teachers

1. What special preparation had England and Scotland for reception of the teachings of the Reformers.

2. In light of it, how do you account for the bitter opposition which the Reformers met with there?

We suggest assigning a study of the work of Wycliffe and Knox (Any history of England will afford material.) Let their work and views be compared with that of the other Reformers studied. What was the most important gain to the world from the Reformation? Give your reasons. What lesson derived from a study of the Reformation, tends to establish faith in our own Church as the Church of God.



General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Adam S. Bennion, Chairman; Third and Fourth Years, Alfred C. Rees, Chairman. and T. Albert Hooper.

First Year—Our Church and People

Adaptation of Uniform Fast Day Lesson for Second Intermediate Department

Boys and girls in this class will have learned that success in school depends upon how much industry they display in the preparation of lessons. They must participate in the class recitation or the report at the end of the term shows a deficiency.

They also will have learned about accomplishment of individuals and nations. Their history will have disclosed that courage and industry have been two of the essential characters of every successful man or woman, and nation.

Have them bring incidents to the class to illustrate their thought.

Then have them point out some failures where these characteristics were lacking.

The very place where they live was made habitable and pleasant through supreme courage, and unceasing industry.

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we

are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Lesson 21. Sealing a Testimony.

Text: John 15:13.

Objective: To teach that, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Supplementary References: Doc. and Cov. 136:37-39; 135; Rolapp's "Gospel Quotations," Talmage's "Articles of Faith," Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, page 103.

Questions for Teachers

1. What are the necessary qualifications required for one to be able to comply with the supreme test?

2. In what way does the song, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" depict the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith?

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 22. Side Light on the Prophet

Objective: To teach that in order to be the man or woman God designed, he

or she must live the qualities characteristic to that life.

Supplementary References: James 1: 22-25; 2:14-26; 1 John 1:6; Romans 2:13; Doc. and Cov. 41:5; 42:60; 20:69; 59:23; "Gospel Doctrine," Chapter 8, pages 139-148; "The Great Stone Face," Hawthorne.

Note: The teacher will do well to show that neither the body nor the spirit can be built up without affecting the other.

Questions for Teachers

1. What wisdom can you see in the Lord designing that the spirit and the body grow in the order after which they are fed?

2. Does life itself suggest such a theory?

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Lesson 23. Swiftly Fleeting Days

Objective: To teach that if one lives true to the Gospel, God will not forsake in hour of need.

Supplementary References: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," Evans, pp. 379, 380, 381, 382; Essentials of Church History," pp. 388-389; Cowley's "Wilford Woodruff," Chapter 2; D. S. S. Song Book, "The Lord Will Provide."

Note: The beauty in this lesson lies in implanting into the hearts of the children the implicit confidence that God is at the helm and is ready to answer as long as we are in tune to receive.

Questions for Teachers

1. Why is it necessary that we recognize God at the head?

2. Why has there always been so much difference between God's chosen people and the people of the world?

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Lesson 24. Covered Wagons

Objective: To teach that the sacrifices made by our parents bring added responsibilities to us.

General References: John 3:16-17; Doc. and Cov. 49:5; Text Book, Chapter 25; Examples and testimonies of early men and women in the Church.

Questions for Teachers

1. Why do sacrifices bring forth the blessings of Heaven?

2. What has been done for you?

Third Year—"What it Means to be a 'Mormon'"

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Lesson 21. Organization.

Objective: To teach that the perfect organization of our Church is evidence of its divine origin.

General References: The Text, Chapters 21 and 22; Talmage, Articles of Faith, Chapter 11; Doctrine and Covenants; 20: 38-67.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject discuss with the class the problems enumerated at the end of the two chapters in your text. The relationship existing between general, stake and ward authorities. How many of these officers can the members of your class name?

Questions for Teachers

1. What is organization?

2. Of what advantage is organization to the Church?

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 22. Missionaries.

Objective: To teach that the missionary system of our Church fulfills a commandment of the Lord and benefits the individuals participating.

References: Text, Chapter 23. Revelations 14, 6 and 7; Doc. and Cov. 133: 37,38; 35:15; 1:4, 5; 90:11; 66:5; 84:80-84.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class; advantages to the missionary; to his family; to his community; to the people among whom he labors; and the benefits to the Church.

Questions for Teachers

1. Give the reason for sending out missionaries.

2. What are the benefits derived from the missionary system of our Church?

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Lesson 23. Cigarettes.

Objective: To give the students an intelligent aversion to tobacco.

Questions and Problems

1. Origin of the use of tobacco. American Indians used it to "smoke the pipe of peace," poison arrow heads, etc. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into Europe.

2. The plant: roots, stem, leaves, cultivation, manufacture, marketing, etc.

3. Strength of nicotine poison.

4. Habit forming drugs are placed in manufactured tobacco to insure continued use of it by its victims.

5. Compare smokers and non-smokers of your own acquaintance as to physical and mental efficiency.

Questions for Teachers

1. What are the effects of tobacco upon the physical system?

2. What does the Lord say about the use of tobacco?

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Lesson 24. Cleanliness of Thought.

Objective: To impress the higher value and greater happiness of pure lives.

General References: Text, Lesson 26.

Strength of Being Clean—Jordan, As a Man Thinketh—Allen.

Questions and Problems

1. What is the relationship between thought and act?

2. Discriminate between good and bad picture shows, good and bad dances, good and bad jokes, etc.

3. Explain the meaning of and tell why "the Spirit of God will not dwell in unholy temples."

Memorize: "Let thy bowels also be filled with charity toward all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly, then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God, and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews of heaven. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee for ever and ever."

Questions for Teachers

1. What is the effect of thought upon one's actions?

2. How does one's associates influence the kind of thoughts one has?

The Leafless Vine

I pulled from the mud a leafless vine,
And planted it near my window sill,
I gave it a chance to grow and climb,
And felt in the service a manly thrill.
I nursed and watered that wiry vine,
And waited for leaf or sprout,
But grew impatient with lapse of time,
And finally decided to dig it out:
But mattock or hoe I could not find,
So left it the fate of an unkept plant—
One day I found its stem entwined
About the lattice, with an upward slant.
Through my window today comes the odor of flowers
That bloom on the vine near my bed;
Their fragrance sweetens with summer showers,
And tells me my plant is not dead.

—Geo. E. Libby.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, George M. Cannon, Chairman, and Josiah Burrows; Third and Fourth Years, Horace Cummings, Chairman, and Eugene Hilton.

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR AUGUST

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Lesson 21.

Text: Alma, chapters 8 to 15.

Objective: To teach that the Lord is with His faithful servants.

To Teachers: Many experiences of elders are related to prove that the Lord is constantly with them during their missionary labors. Relate some such stories to your class today. The life of Wilford Woodruff offers a number of interesting and impressive incidents. This will introduce the lesson today concerning Alma and Amulek. As teacher you should read Alma chapters 1 to 7 to get the proper background. Then point out the zeal and faith displayed by Alma, the visit of the angel to Alma, the visit of that same heavenly being to Amulek, the power of their testimony, the cunning and cruelty of the judges and the lawyers. The story of their imprisonment and the subsequent demonstration of the power of the Lord in their behalf should be told by members of the class. Then comes the conversion and healing of Zeezrom, exhibiting once more the way the Lord recognizes the faith of His servants.

What value does this story possess for your boys and girls? How are you going to make this lesson valuable to them? How can they show faith? Let them name daily incidents in which Latter-day Saint boys and girls can prove their belief and faith in the Lord. Will the Lord reward that faith? Perhaps some have had personal experiences. They may know of people whose faith has been recognized. When they go on missions, will they be as courageous as Alma? The final impression should be that the Lord

has made us the same promises as were given to Alma. He stands ready today to reward faith.

Questions for Teachers

1. Compare the attitude of Alma (the younger) before his conversion and after that event. Compare also his state of mind.

2. Relate main items concerning Amulek, particularly his ancestry, his reputation and his social status, and his conversion and subsequent testimony. (See Alma, chapter 10.)

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 22. The Destruction of the City of Ammonihah.

Text: Alma, Chapter 16.

Objective: To teach that no city and no people can defy God and escape punishment.

Supplementary References: Read the preceding chapters in Alma, beginning with chapter 8, and note the various warnings given the people of Ammonihah; also their refusal to be warned; and also the prediction of their destruction (Chapter 10:20-23.)

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: This lesson depicts the results following in Nephite history, the wickedness of a great city and the refusal of its people to remember God, to keep His commandments and their unwillingness to hearken to the warnings of His prophets. Similar results have always followed like conduct among all nations. Two striking illustrations of this fact are the experiences of the people of Babylon at the time that Daniel interpreted the handwriting on the wall; and a second illustration the destruction of Jerusalem and the scattering of the Jews after their rejection of Jesus as the Savior.

Questions for Teachers

1. Why had Alma and Amulek the courage to defy imprisonment, scourging and even threatened death in performance of their mission?

2. Why do the wicked not repent when warned?

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925**Lesson 23.**

Subject: Aaron and other Sons of Mosiah among the Lamanites.

Text: Alma, 22-27.

Objective: To teach that fidelity to a promise is one of the noblest traits of man.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: The names in the Book of Mormon are somewhat confusing. The teacher will do well to get clearly in mind the names of the great characters portrayed in these lessons. In the edition of the Book of Mormon issued in 1920 (Deseret Book Company, 44 E. South Temple Street) a most helpful index defining the principal names of places and individuals is found; as well as a pronouncing vocabulary.

The chapters for today's lesson are rather numerous; but all seem necessary to an understanding of the situation and of the covenant made by the converts; and its cause and the results.

Questions for Teachers

1. What caused the people of Ammon (formerly people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi) to bury their weapons of war? (Alma—24.)

2. What effect had their non-resistance upon their former brethren—the Lamanites?

Fifth Sunday, August 20, 1925**Lesson 24.**

Subject: Korihor.

Text: Alma 30.

Objective: To teach that though scoffers may lead many away from belief in God, yet in due time of the Lord they must acknowledge His existence and power.

Supplementary References: Those who have the opportunity to do so, may have the dramatic situation described in this chapter impressed upon their minds by witnessing the drama "Corianton."

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: The incidents described in this long chapter afford one of the most striking instances of the patience and wisdom required to offset the arguments and the ridicule heaped upon believers by those who profess not to believe in God. They are among the most dramatic in the Book of Mormon.

Questions for Teachers

1. What were the chief charges made against God's servants by Korihor?

2. How were these charges refuted by Alma?

Third Year—Life of Christ**LESSONS FOR AUGUST****First Sunday, August 2, 1925****Uniform Fast Day Lesson**

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925**Lesson 21.**

Subject: "The Life of Christ."

Text: Weed's "Life of Christ," Chapters 41-42.

Objective: To teach that true greatness and progress comes through cultivating the child-like qualities of faith, trust, obedience and humility.

Supplementary References: James E. Talmage's "Jesus the Christ" pp. 386-389, 511-513; Mark 9:33-38; Luke 10:38-42.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: First read carefully the text material as given in the Bible. Study carefully the text and if possible the supplementary references. In your preparation try to organize and illustrate your lesson so that the children will not only become acquainted with the facts of the lesson, but the deeper meanings in the incidents taught. Such material offers a real challenge to the conscientious teacher.

Encourage the pupils in their childlike confidence in God and His work. Make it clear to them that these qualities are pleasing to God and must not be allowed to become lost in their lives. The Savior said that even when we become adults we must be childlike in our faith, obedience and love if we inherit the kingdom of God.

Questions for Teachers

(At least one week before the Union Meeting in your Stake at which this lesson will be considered, send your written answers to these questions to the stake board member who supervises the work of your class.)

1. Outline clearly the method used by Christ to teach to His disciples the lesson of true greatness.

2. Discuss the value of daily spiritual food as the "one thing needful" as Christ explained to Martha.

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 22

Subject: The Life of Christ.

Text: Weed's "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 43 and 44.

Objective: To teach that the sweetest joy comes to us when we accept Christ's invitation to "Come unto Him and drink."

Supplementary References: James E. Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," pages 399-404, 412-416; John 7:10-53; 9:1-39; Article "Feast of Tabernacles," Bible Encyclopedia or Dictionary.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Both the chapters in today's lesson are splendid and each contains ample material for a lesson. Since it is necessary to combine the two we suggest that you build your lessons around the first. Consider the second as one of many incidents of Divine Healing. If possible read about the feast in some good Bible Encyclopedia, then adapt it to first intermediate age. The invitation of Christ. "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink," is the outstanding point of this lesson.

Show how varied was the reaction of the people to it. How do the people respond to the repeated invitation of this age? What about you? Do you thirst? Consider the opportunity that is yours to "taste the sweetness of service" by renewed activity and zeal in your ministry as shepherd of your little flock.

Questions for Teachers

1. How do you account for the fact that people differed so widely in their opinion of Christ?

2. What was back of the report of the officers: "Never spake man like this Man" (John 7:45-47.)

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Lesson 23

Subject: "The Life of Christ."

Text: Weed's "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 45, 46.

Objective: To teach that the Lord's Prayer as given by the Good Shepherd is a model for our prayers.

Supplementary References: John 10:1-42; Matthew 6:9-15; James E. Talmage,

"Jesus the Christ," Pages 416-419; 238-242.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Look up in a Bible Encyclopedia the word "shepherd." Contrast its meaning in that day with the word "shepherd" in our day. Christ is the Good Shepherd. He leads with love and uses no force upon the souls of men. Ponder his statement: "My sheep know my voice and are known of me."

In the Lord's Prayer He has given us a model of brevity, completeness, simplicity and reverence. Encourage every boy and girl to memorize it. Repeat it in concert. Analyze it in detail. Lead the student to see its simplicity and beauty. "After this manner therefore pray ye."

Questions for Teachers

1. Distinguish between a "shepherd" and a "sheep-herder" in our Sunday School work.

2. What is meant by Christ's reference to the "other sheep" (see III Nephi 15:21.) What can we do to help "Our Father" answer the Lord's Prayer?

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Lesson 24.

Subject: "The Life of Christ."

Text: Weed: "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 47, 48.

Objective: To teach that we can best show our love of God by loving service to His needy children.

Supplementary References: Matt. 18:12-14; Luke. 10:25-37. James E. Talmage, "Jesus the Christ," pp. 429-432; 389-390.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: No difficulty will be experienced in interesting the children in Christ's parables. The deeper principle lying behind the incident is all important, as is also the application in our lives today. Are any today comparable to the priest? To the Levite? The Samaritan? In the parable of the Lost Sheep similar questions suggest themselves. Do the boys and girls know of someone to whom they could be the "good shepherd" who goes to "find" them? Will they actually try to bring in such a one?

Questions for Teachers

1. In the light of the parable who is your neighbor?

2. Name one in your Sunday School or your class who might be comparable to a "lost" sheep and outline the best way to "find" him.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Chas. B. Felt. Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook

WORK FOR AUGUST, 1925

Preview Questions

1. Elisha was promised that he should receive a "double portion of the spirit of Elijah." In what ways was this promise fulfilled?

2. How has Elijah been honored by our Heavenly Father since his translation? What is the significance of Elijah's work to us as a people?

3. Contrast the life work of Elijah with that of Elisha?

4. In what way was the spirit of Elisha wonderfully like that of Jesus? Give incidents from Elisha's life showing this.

5. In what respects is the little Israelitish servant maid in the story of Naaman a very great person. Discuss her ideals.

6. Contrast the character of Elisha with that of Gehazi. (See II Kings 5:20-27.)

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be industrious and courageous?

Song: "Come, Come Ye Saints."

Aim: Courageous and industrious people are richly rewarded, as were the pioneers.

Point of Contact: Have you boys and girls ever heard about the Pioneers? What do you know about them? Yes, they were driven out of their homes and treated so cruelly that they knew they must seek homes elsewhere. What were some of the dangers they faced coming here? They had to cross deserts and mountains. They were among wild beasts and were in the danger of savage Indian attacks. Were the Pioneers afraid of these things? No, they had courage to face these dangers.

When they arrived here what was the first thing they did? (Tilled the soil, planted, built homes, stores, churches, temples, etc.) They worked constantly to make homes for us. Do you think our Heavenly Father was pleased with them? How did He show that He was? He blessed them so that their crops grew and they had the food and clothing they needed.

Shall I tell you how one of these good men was blessed through his work?

Brother Sanders had to leave a fine home to the wicked people who had driven him away. He was a brave man to give up all he had to begin a trip across the desert. He suffered many hardships. The worst of all was when his wife and little baby died. For a while he felt as if he would give up everything. Then one day when he was the most downhearted a voice seemed to say to him, "Have courage, be brave and God will help you." From then on he tried more than ever to reach his new home in safety. When he finished his journey he worked day and night to build him a home. Only on Sunday did he rest and then it was to thank his Heavenly Father for his blessings. Each year he worked harder and each year his crops were better until it was not long before he had the best farm in the valley.

Application: Why do you think Brother Sanders' crops grew so well? He didn't give up and was brave enough to go on through all his troubles. Do you think father and mother are the only ones Heavenly Father wants to work? We can be little Pioneers and work too. What can we do to help? How can we work for—Mother? Father? Ourselves? Teacher? Heavenly Father?

Note: No regular Bible lesson assigned. Teachers needing this day to catch up may so use it.

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Lesson 29. The Chariot of Fire

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

Reference: Old Testament Studies, by Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 137-139; Kent's "The Kings and Prophets of Judah and Israel," pp. 17-30, Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Lesson 30. A Prophet's Promise and a Widow's Faith

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

Reference: Old Testament Stories, by

Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 129-145; Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Song: "Our Loving Father Dear," Primary Song Book, 14.

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Lesson 31. "And A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Old Testament Studies, by

Tanner; Vol. II, pp. 145-146; Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Lesson 32. Having Eyes They See Not

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Old Testament Studies, by Tanner, Vol. II, pp. 147-148; Morton's "Good Stories for Boys and Girls."

Song: "Forgiveness," Primary Song Book, 2.

Begin With Him When He's a Boy

If you're going to do anything permanent for the average man you've got to begin when he's a boy. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will become formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older.

No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy, happy children. If these children are not brought up well they are not merely useless to themselves and to their parents but they mean the ruin of the State in the future.—**Theodore Roosevelt.**

Friendship

Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have around, they are not friends, they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.

—*Trumbull.*

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Wm. A Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee

Lessons for August, 1925

First Sunday, August 2, 1925

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten"—Lesson 58. (See Superintendent's Department.)

Topic: Pioneers.

Objective: To teach that if I am to become the person God intended I must be industrious and courageous.

Rest Exercise: Let the children suggest things that the pioneers did and then let them do them.

Suggestions to Teachers

The people who put their trust in God and do what is right have no need to fear. Even the children among the companies of pioneers were brave and willing to help. We, too, can be just as brave in trying to do right.

Review the colors of the flag and what they stand for. Show the children how that flag helped the pioneers. How it can help us. Repeat the story the flag told. Bring the story down to the child's life by helping him to see the different ways in which he may be brave and courageous. By not being afraid of the dark; by telling the truth; by not being afraid of the work that they can help with when they get hurt.

Present each child with a cut-out camp wagon with these words written on it: "Be brave, be true in all you do."

Second Sunday, August 9, 1925

Text: Book of Ruth—"Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 22.

Topic: Ruth and Naomi.

Objective: To teach that God blesses those who unselfishly work for the good of others.

Rest Exercise: Have children talk of ripening grain, how it is cut and how it used to be cut with a scythe. Let them cut and tie the grain as they did in olden days and sing, "This is the way we cut the grain, cut the grain, cut the grain, so early in the morning."

Suggestions to Teachers

Have pictures of grain fields in the

different stages, also have some wheat or oats in class. Let the children tell who cares for the grain. Lead them to see that in the olden times women worked in the fields.

Bring down to the child's life by showing him how he can help parents. What a lot of things they can do for us. What would we do without them. Let's stay with them and help and show that we love them for they are more than anything else in the world to us.

Present each child with a cut-out beehive with these words:

"Be an earnest worker."

Third Sunday, August 16, 1925

Text: II Kings 5:1-19—"Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 23.

Topic: Naaman and the maid from Israel.

Objective: To teach that we must have faith in God if we want to obtain His blessings.

Rest Exercise: Helping father stack the grain and load it.

Suggestions to Teachers

Knowledge of a truth helps to strengthen our faith, and trust is the underlying thought of this lesson. What a wonderful opportunity we have of being missionaries among our friends as the little maid from Israel was. We have many people in our Church today who lack faith because of not sufficient knowledge. Let us help them. Even in the Kindergarten we can lay the foundation for a desire for more knowledge and we can make plain the lessons we are giving.

Bring this lesson down into the children's lives by talking to them of their illness and who healed them. To whom we can go in time of need. When everyone fails there is one who never fails if we put ourselves in the right spirit. Let us learn to go to Heavenly Father first and know that He will bless us.

Present each child with a card on which is written:

"Be ye prayerful and have faith."

Fourth Sunday, August 23, 1925

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 24.

Topic: The Little Blind Boy from Holland.

Objective: To teach that implicit faith in God is necessary to obtain His blessings.

Rest Exercise: Put words to the tune, "Here we go round the Mulberry bush," suggesting things they can do to help at home.

Suggestions to Teachers

Review briefly previous lesson. The underlying thought of this lesson is that we have in our midst today the same power as Christ had in healing the sick and afflicted. We should love and respect those in authority who hold this power. Besides having faith in our Father in Heaven we must have faith in His servants. Bring it down to the child's life and lead him to see how he can not only have faith for himself but can exercise it for others.

Have the children tell if they know of any person who is blind. Have them put their hands over their eyes. Lead them to see what they can do to help the blind and make them happy.

Present each child with a cut-out circle with these words written on:

"I will pray every day to my Father in Heaven."

Fifth Sunday, August 30, 1925

Suggestions to Teachers

Review the lessons for the month by use of pictures. Bring some article to class made by blind. Let the children tell the stories from the pictures. If possible, visit or invite some blind person to your class. Have the children sing their songs and give the blind some flowers or a few pennies to show that they feel sorry for them and want to help them.

Preview Questions for August, 1925

1. What quotations tell of Ruth's love for Naomi?
2. How was Ruth rewarded in her work for others.
3. Illustrate the result of faith in the story of Naaman.
4. Discuss the work of the blind and how we may help them.



OFFICERS, TEACHERS, AND PUPILS, POCATELLO FIRST WARD RELIGION CLASS

The accompanying picture was taken at the close of the regular weekly meeting of Pocatello First ward Religion Classes, held in Pocatello First Ward chapel, April 27, 1925. There were present on that occasion 11 officers and teachers and 133 pupils. The latter came from four different school buildings and traveled a distance of from 6 to 10 blocks. The enrollment this school year is 198 as compared with 117 in 1923-24. The average attendance this year is 90; in 1923-24 it was 47. Through the missionary work of the children 77 new members were enrolled this year. At exercises held April 26 last, 20 boys and girls received certificates of graduation.

RELIGION CLASSES

*Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill,
Brigham Young University*

"A RELIGION CLASS CONVERSION"

The following bit of missionary experience is related by Elder Richard C. Towler, recently released as superintendent of Religion Classes of Cottonwood Stake and appointed a High Counselor in said stake. Elder Towler has been superintendent of Religion Classes for ten years. During this time, the attendance has increased in the above named stake from 300 pupils to 1225. This has been brought about in large measure by the persistent efforts of Superintendent Towler.

"One bitter cold night in February," writes Elder Towler, "I set out alone to fill an appointment which I had received as a special missionary in the Stake, to call on a certain non-Mormon family. Their house stood alone in the fields of a small farming district that lies in the broad stretches of Salt Lake valley. When I reached the place, snow was falling. I knocked at the door and stated my errand. The man of the house replied that because of sickness in the family I had better not come in. I thanked him for his courtesy and was leaving when a child's voice from within called. 'Why Daddy, you can't send Brother Towler away. Let him come in and get warm. I want to see him. He is our Religion Class Superintendent of all the Stake.'

"Bidden to enter, I was about to do so, when another man came forward protesting, 'You can't come in! Why Mr. S—, if you let this 'Mormon' in, the influence of faith for your child's recovery will be destroyed.'

"I think it won't hurt," the father replied.

"This second man proved to be a divine healer, who had been invited in to pray for the child.

"On the bed she lay—a little seven year old girl—with a broken arm. I spoke to her and examined her arm. It was very much swollen, and as I ran my finger along it I easily discovered a bad break directly above the wrist. She told me that since the accident two days before, the pain had been so bitter she had not slept. It made me indignant to think that no one had been there to help her but this healer.

"'What a shame!' I said. 'If you people had a broken water pipe, you would call a plumber to have it repaired. You should be reported to the proper authorities.'

"'So this is a mighty 'Mormon'!' interrupted the divine healer, 'a man believing in God without faith.'

"'We 'Mormons' believe implicitly in God and in His power to heal,' I answered. 'We also believe in exercising proper care and works with that faith. Your two days of prayer have availed nothing.'

"There followed a short debate on faith, healing, and works. Finally the little girl caught my hand.

"'Daddy,' she said. 'I am sure if you will do as Brother Towler says, I will not suffer so much. Please let him pray for me. I am sure if he will, God will bless me with sleep.'

"Though the healer protested vigorously, the father yielded. He, the mother, and I knelt, and in the midst of a fine spirit, I prayed simply and earnestly for little Jenny. When we arose from our knees, the child had fallen asleep.

"'It's all a hoax,' the healer cried. 'She is only pretending.'

"'Try to wake her,' I replied. But as he stepped forward, the father interfered.

"'Don't touch her. The faith taught this little girl in her Religion Class has availed more than your two days' trial. God has heard our prayer and put Jenny to sleep.'

"I wished them good-night and left.

"Two weeks later as I was walking down Main Street, a little child came bounding into my arms.

"'Hello, Brother Towler. don't you know me?'

"It was Jenny. Her arm was straight and strong. She told me that the healer had left the night I was there, a doctor had been called, her arm set, and faith and prayer had done the rest. This was her eighth birthday, and she had come with her parents to Salt Lake City to be baptized.

"'We are indeed grateful,' said her father, who had joined us and shaken me warmly by the hand. 'You see, I have been buying some of your Church Works.'

"They are now living in Idaho, all happily enjoying the Gospel."

CHILDRENS SECTION



Founded Upon the Rock

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

CHAPTER 1.

SUE'S PAPA RELATES HIS OWN STORY

Sue was nine years old. She lived with her Papa and Mama on a beautiful farm in Clover Valley. She had two brothers who were older and two brothers who were younger than she. So now you know how many there were in the Halverson family.

Sue's Papa and Mama had not always lived in Clover Valley. They had come to Zion as immigrants from a far European country—Norway. She understood why they had come from Norway. It was because they had embraced the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saint missionaries.

Sue often heard her Papa talk about *The Plan of Salvation*. He often sat up late at night to read about it from the Bible or Book of Mormon. Frequently he read from "The Doctrine and Covenants" and "The Pearl of Great Price."

"The Plan of Salvation must be something very, very grand," said Sue, "for Papa thinks about it so much."

One night when the ward teachers visited their home, Sue heard her Papa speaking about "the power of God unto salvation to all those who believe." She could not help noticing how very, very happy her Papa seemed.

Said he, "The Gospel can save the souls of men and women if they will only obey it."

"Brother Halverson, will you relate the story of your conversion to the Gospel?" asked one of the visiting teachers.

"Gladly," said Sue's Papa, and here we have it in his own words:

Brother Halverson's Own Story

"When I was a child living with my parents in Norway, I was singled out as a favorite nephew of a wealthy old uncle.

"After a time, my uncle asked my parents if he might not adopt me as his son, in order that he might have a loved one upon whom to bestow his fortune. Thinking this would be a good thing for me, my parents consented and I went to live with my uncle in his big, fine house.

"Uncle continued to be kind to me. He dressed me well, bought me good books, and kept me in a good school. He promised that I should be trained to a useful trade.

"I loved my uncle dearly, but in spite of myself, I turned out to be a great disappointment to him.

"When I was sixteen year old, I heard two Latter-day Saint missionaries tell about Joseph Smith the Prophet. Their words, so sober and honest, sank deeply into my soul. I believed in the divine mission of Joseph the Prophet. I accepted the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation to all who obey.

"One moonlight night, I broke the ice on the river and was baptized by immersion for the remission of sins, after which I was confirmed a member of this Church.

"Of course I no longer remained with my uncle after this step. I took my savings and immigrated to Utah.

"After I had been in Zion four years, my uncle wrote asking me if I had had enough adventure. He offered

me a home with him again if I chose to abandon my religion and return to him. I wrote telling him I had accepted the Gospel with full purpose of heart, and intended to remain in Zion and live up to it.

"Uncle then wrote asking me to explain the Gospel. I told him that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all those who obey. In other words, the Gospel can save men's souls if they will but obey it.

My Uncle answered saying that he would cease trying to dissuade me from my purpose, as he believed I was as firm and stubborn as a rock.

To this I replied that my religion teaches one to be loving-hearted, gentle, easily entreated. I did not wish to be disagreeable, rude or unkind but the desire uppermost in my mind was to be founded upon the rock of truth. Here I quoted the words of our Savior: Matt. 7th Chapter, 24: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon the rock.

"And the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell not, for it was founded upon the rock.

"And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand:

"And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell and great was the fall thereof."

How proud Sue felt to know that her father was founded upon the rock! She told him so again and again.

(To be continued.)

Never Run Away from Your Conscience

By Glen Perrins

"Jimmy," called mother, "it's time for you to get up and go after your papers."

Ho, hum," I yawned, "I'll be glad when I get the bike and can sleep a little longer. * * * These cold mornings sure make me want to keep under the covers as long as I can."

"You will soon have your wheel, won't you?" mother asked as she laid my coat and cap and paper bags on the chair beside me.

"Sure will, Mumsy," I replied. "Got \$11.50 and Mr. Green says \$15.00 down will be all I'll need for the first payment."

"Well, hurry, now," mother urged, "take your paper route and when you come back I'll have waffles made for you."

"Sure, Mumsy, I'll hurry home; and open that new can of maple syrup will you?"

Then I was off for the morning edition. I had a down-town route, and I did not especially need a bicycle for delivery, still a wheel would come in handy in going and coming to the newspaper office and in resting my bags on while on my route. So I saved my miscellaneous nickles and dimes and my weekly wage as well; and, soon, I would have my bicycle.

Fate, however, had a surprise in store for me. Had I known my "rock throwing" habit was to delay the purchase of my bicycle, on this particular morning I would have kept my hands in my pockets. But I didn't; and after my papers were delivered I came up the street whistling and juggling a couple of pebbles, one of them, which, if I had known what was going to happen, I would most certainly have dropped like a hot potato.

At the corner I was glad I had the rocks—they always made me feel safe. I felt I especially needed them when I came to the block where two large Airdales lived and barked at the milk man, newsies and other early hour prowlers. Sure enough, the brown fellows were there and came bounding out at me as I walked by. But I was

prepared. I made a few false motions at them, as if I was throwing something, and then as they ran barking back to the house I thought I'd teach at least one of them a lesson. I clutched the rock tightly in my right hand, drew back, and like David of old, hurled the stone. But my Goliath dodged. The rock missed the dog, hit the pavement, and then, horrors! crashed through a parlor window.

By the time the glass had stopped tinkling, however, I had run away, a block in the opposite direction from where I lived. Then I circled around and came home.

I didn't have much of an appetite for waffles that morning.

"What's the matter?" mother asked. "You seem troubled today."

"Nah, Mumsy," I answered faking a reply, "I feel Okay."

But I didn't. The broken window worried me. I wanted to tell mother what I had done, but I knew if I did she'd make me pay for it and I couldn't get my wheel for * * *

"Something is the matter," interrupted mother sympathetically, "won't you tell Mumsy what it is? Maybe she could help you. Is it about your wheel?"

I had always told mother my troubles, and now * * * But Gee! I wanted to get the bicycle so bad! So I kept my secret, told "Mumsy" not to worry and that if she was a good girl I might tell her all about it the next day. I wanted to think it over, and then, too, to see if the owner of the Airdales suspected me. When I had purposely run in the opposite direction from home I wondered if my ruse had worked.

Sure enough, it had. He didn't have the least idea it was I. One of his neighbors told me "some tough" from over by the park "broke the big bay window next door."

"Some little getaway," I muttered to myself. But my conscience troubled

me. All that day at school I kept thinking and worrying about the broken window. Right down in my heart I knew it was the square thing to pay for the broken glass; but, Gee! then I couldn't get my bicycle for maybe four weeks longer.

"No sir," I told myself, "no one will ever know but silent me."

But my conscience wouldn't keep still.

Then I told mother.

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm so sorry," she began, as she put her arm around me. "It means you'll have to spend your bicycle money."

"But does it?" I put in. "No one but you and me knows who broke the window."

"And would you and I be happy if we knew Jimmy broke the window?" she asked.

"And wasn't honest enough to pay for it," my conscience seemed to add.

So I decided to be honest, at least I could tell the owner of the Airdales how it happened.

"My conscience hurts me, Mumsy," I said at last. "I guess I will have to go down and see about paying for the broken window."

That afternoon I stopped in to see the owner of the Airdales, Mr. Brown.

"How do you do," he said in answer to my knock. "What can I do for you today?"

His pleasant voice gave me added courage. I decided to confess right at the start.

"I'm the boy that broke your parlor window," I said as bravely as I could, "and I've stopped in to pay you for it."

"So you're the one are you?" he said looking keenly at me. "Well, well * * * You escaped though, Why did you come back? Do you know that it will cost you \$10 to replace that glass?"

"Yes sir," I replied, "I supposed it would be about that much, so I brought the money."

"Where did a boy your size get that amount?" he asked curiously as I handed him the \$10. Is it your own money?"

"Yes, it's mine," I answered. Then half to myself I added, "I was going to get a bicycle, but I can begin saving again."

"Will be sort of an expensive lesson, won't it?" said Mr. Brown kindly, yet somewhat amused * * * "I had an experience something like that myself once."

Then he invited me in.

"Come down the basement a second," he said, "I want to show you something I've had for a long time, wondering what I should ever do with it. Had it since my boy was a youngster."

Wonderingly I followed him, and surprised, indeed I was when he uncovered a dusty bicycle. It was in pretty good shape.

"How would you like to have the wheel?" he asked, "sort of a reward for your honesty you know. * * * I'm one of these fellows who think boys should be paid for square dealings."

I began to modestly decline the offer, but Mr. Brown wouldn't listen. He insisted that the wheel was mine.

So at last I consented. "You're Santa Claus's brother," I murmured as I prepared to pedal the bicycle home. "I'll be more careful after this about throwing rocks."

I certainly was glad I never ran away from my conscience. It pays to listen to it.

"How much does it cost?" Peter asked of the man who kept the toy shop and who was a very unusual kind of a shop-keeper indeed.

"It isn't for sale," said the shop-keeper. "I am going to give it away next Thursday to the bravest boy that I see through my window."

"Oh," said Peter, his eyes very big, and then he went on to school and before the last bell rang, he had told all the boys.

"The queer, funny, old shop-keeper is going to give away his beautiful



It was the most beautiful flag Peter had ever seen

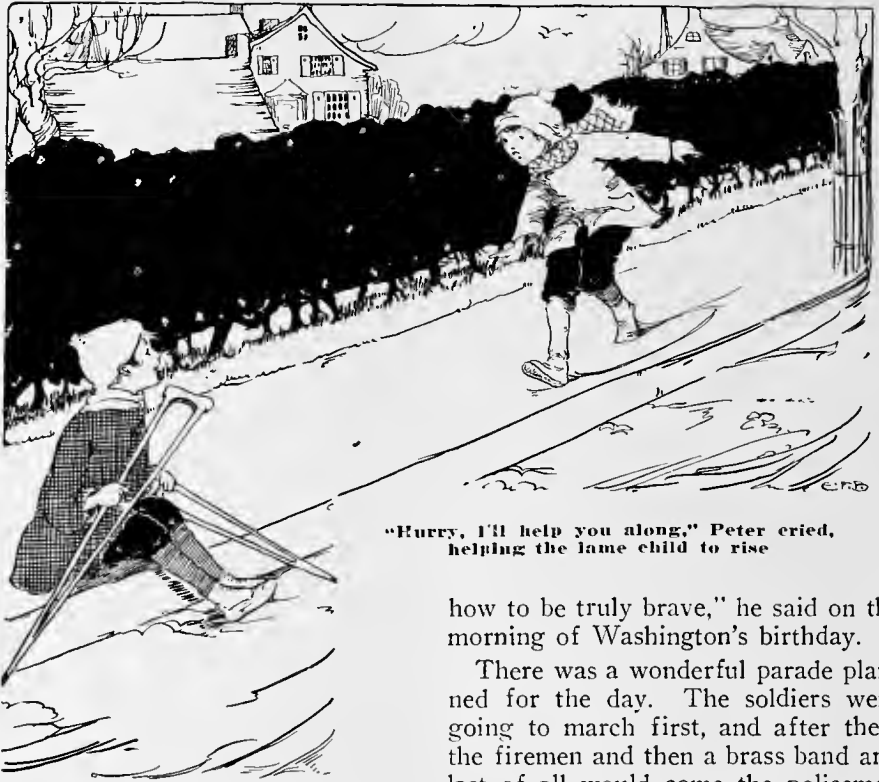
The Little Silk Flag

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

It was quite the most beautiful flag that Peter had ever seen. It hung in the toy shop window and it was made of silk with red and white stripes like a peppermint candy stick and it had more white stars in its blue corner than Peter could count.

silk flag on Monday, Washington's Birthday, to the bravest boy he sees through his window," Peter said, so of course, everyone was very excited indeed.

All the week before Washington's birthday, the boys strutted up and down in front of the shop window, trying to do brave things and to look brave, and



"Hurry, I'll help you along," Peter cried,
helping the lame child to rise

hoping, oh, so much, that the queer old shop-keeper with his twinkling eyes hidden behind a pair of large bone spectacles would see them.

Halmar fell off a stone wall which his mother told him not to climb, and although he cried very loudly when the doctor put on the splints, he stood one whole afternoon in front of the shop window, hoping that the shop-keeper would see him and think him very brave, indeed.

Birton put on his Indian suit and waved his tomahawk high above his head and ran up and down the street in front of the shop giving war whoops, which at least sounded brave. Wilmont had a fight with a boy who was not so large as he, in the street near the shop, but at all these sights the shop-keeper shook his head.

"I wonder which little boy knows

how to be truly brave," he said on the morning of Washington's birthday.

There was a wonderful parade planned for the day. The soldiers were going to march first, and after them the firemen and then a brass band and last of all would come the policemen in their blue coats and brass buttons. All the boys were most excited watching for the parade, and when it came swinging down the street, the pretty colors of the uniforms shining in the sunlight and the music of the band ringing out upon the air, the boys shouted in delight and ran on behind forgetting all about the little flag in the shop-keeper's window.

Peter was the last boy of all to try and catch up with the parade. It was a long ways from his house to the street down which the parade marched and the band was just passing out of sight when he saw a lame child sitting on the curbing, his crutches lying on the sidewalk at his side.

"Hurry, I'll help you along!" Peter cried, helping the lame child to rise and putting his crutches in place. But the lame child walked very, very slowly, even when Peter helped him. Peter

had to lift him over some of the rough places and the parade swept farther and farther away through the street, and the band grew fainter and fainter. Try as hard as they could, the lame child and Peter helping could not catch up with the policemen, even. They missed every bit of the parade.

Presently, though, they came to the shop and the shop-keeper stood inside, looking out at them through his window. Then Peter had a thought, as he saw the beautiful flag flying so pretty and gay in the window.

"Here's a brave boy, Mr. Shop-keeper," he cried. "He says that his leg often aches at night but he never cries. I think that he is brave enough to have your flag. Will you give it to him?"

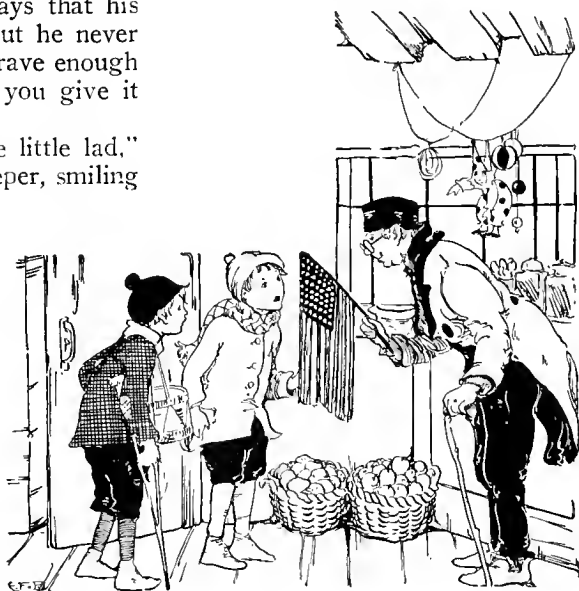
"He certainly is a brave little lad," said the queer old shop-keeper, smiling

down at the two little boys through his bone spectacles.

"I will give him a drum to beat upon and help him to keep up his courage," he said, and he hung a fine little red drum across the shoulder of the lame child. Then he took the flag from the window and held it up in the light so that its colors shone and shimmered.

"I have found another brave child," the shop-keeper said, "a child who forgets himself in helping a friend," and he gave the beautiful red, white and blue flag to Peter.

"I have found another
brave child," said
the shop-keeper



His Mother

She seems so tiny—why, I'm really taller.

I watch her little, busy, slender hands,
Oh, no one in the world is quite like mother,
Because, you see, she always understands.

There's nothing that I do but interests her,
My study, school, the music of our bands;
She knows my friends and all their funny nicknames.
It's wonderful the way she understands.

I think a boy can find his life all splendid,
At work, or play, or in a foreign land,
If only safe at home she's patient waiting,
The mother who will always understand.

Goldie's Lesson

By Minnie Tarr Miller

Goldie's cage hung in the cheery bay window of the flower room. Every day her mistress closed the windows and doors and opening the cage door let Goldie fly among the beautiful flowers and ferns for an hour or more. It seemed as if Goldie should have been the most contented bird in the world, for all she was asked to do was to sing and make sunshine for the people who lived in the house. Goldie was happy and sang her best until one day, while idly swinging in her cage, she watched the wild birds out in the garden then she sighed and said to herself:

"How wonderful it must be to do just as one pleases. What wouldn't I give to fly from tree to tree and flower to flower at will. Oh! what a dreadful prison this cage is, for what is an hour or two's flight each day in this tiny room to all of out-doors?" and she would not sing another song.

The very next day her mistress put Goldie in her cage after her flight among the flowers and neglected to latch the tiny door securely. Then she went to her work in another part of the house. The jar of the cage, as Goldie settled down for a good brisk swing, opened the door and in a minute Goldie was out and through the window into the garden.

The sun shone brightly. The sky was blue and the flowers offered their cups of honey to bee and humming-bird alike.

"This is real living," cried Goldie and settled on a swaying lily stalk and sang her sweetest song. She had not quite finished her song before Jenny Wren cried out:

"Fly! Goldie! Fly! Master Cat is after you!" and Goldie just had time to gather her feet under her and start upwards when Mr. Cat's wicked paw reached after her. But for the loss of

a pawful of feathers and a few scratches from Mr. Cat's sharp claws Goldie was safe and sound, but trembling like a leaf as she settled on the branch beside Jenny Wren.

"I did not know such dreadful creatures lived in this beautiful out-doors," said Goldie.

"You have lots to learn, my dear," answered Jenny, "if you decide to cast your lot with ours. Mr. Cat is not our worst enemy by any means. Wait until some mischief loving boy starts throwing stones or shooting at you. Then there are the hawks who swoop down and carry one off before they can say 'Jack Robinson!'" replied Jenny.

"I thought all of you wild creatures were free and could do just as you wanted," said Goldie.

"You are mistaken. Nobody can do just as he wants in this world. There is no such thing as entire freedom to do as one wishes. Even the biggest and the best find they have their limitations and can do only certain things. What did you do before coming out into the garden?" asked Jenny, kindly.

"I had nothing to do but sing and cheer folks up. I had not a care in the world until two days ago when looking through the window I began to envy you wild things your freedom," replied Goldie. "My home is the cage in the bay window and I am allowed the freedom of the flower room for at least an hour every day but that did not seem enough."

Just then she was interrupted by a big gust of wind whose suddenness blew her off her perch. It ruffled her feathers and filled her eyes with dust. She had not noticed the big black cloud coming up so quickly but all at once there was a rushing, roaring sound and then the tiny cutting hailstones began to fall. Goldie was buffeted from side to side and her tiny head tingled from the pelting stones.

"Come up here, under these eaves on the porch," called Jenny Wren.

It was a sadly bedraggled Goldie whose side ached where Mr. Cat had scratched her and whose whole body ached from the blows of the hailstones, who finally managed to huddle in beside Jenny Wren under the protecting eaves.

"Oh! How cold I am," she shivered.

"This is nothing to what winter is," said Jenny. "Then it is cold all the time and scarcely a weed seed to eat some days; and all the water is frozen so we have to take bites of snow for a drink."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Goldie. "I am going back to my prison which I find is not a prison after all but a protection, and I shall sing my best for the rest of my days to reward my kind mistress for her care of me."

"Now you are talking," said Jenny. "The sooner we find that in serving others lies our greatest freedom and happiness the better off we are."

Just then the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and Goldie flew to the window through which she had escaped but it was shut against the storm.

"Never mind, they will open it soon," cheered Jenny.

"Won't you come in and live with me?" asked Goldie.

"Oh! no, my dear. Thank you kindly, but my greatest service lies in singing and cheering the folks who have no flower room but just the big out-of-doors like myself. I would be as unhappy in your beautiful flower room as you are in the dangerous garden," answered Jenny.

"Well, good-bye then," called Goldie.

"Good-bye!" called Jenny as Goldie's mistress came to open the window and a much chastened birdie flew into the room to the surprise of her mistress who tenderly cared for her wounds.

From that day on everyone who heard Goldie sing remarked on what

a beautiful voice she had, for Goldie had learned the lesson that in whatever station we are placed if we do our best we are happy and free.

"Little Man"

By Annie Malin

"Little Man" walked out among the tall maple trees and his usually smiling face wore an ugly frown. After a while he sat down on an old log under the tallest maples near the creek and as he did so something bright rolled down his cheeks which he brushed impatiently away with one chubby hand.

"Little Man" was very unhappy today. Mother had come up to the little canyon home because she needed a rest, so "Little Man" had to come too. He had enjoyed himself very much most of the time, for Uncle Jim was with them and had tried to help the little fellow have a good time, but this very day a circus was coming to the city and Uncle Jim had promised "Little Man" he would take him down to see it.

Then he found there was something wrong with the Ford and as it was too far to walk they had to give it up.

Oh, how disappointed "Little Man" was, and how sorry Mother was, and so was Uncle Jim and he gave his small nephew a shining big dollar saying, "Never mind, Kiddie, we'll do better next time," but "Little Man" refused to be comforted.

He sat on the old log for what seemed to him a long time, and everything was so very still he felt very lonesome.

Suddenly he heard a slight rustling noise and before he could even turn his head a ground squirrel ran out from among the bushes and sat up and looked at him with bright eyes.

The next moment a large bushy tailed squirrel ran down a large maple tree, and then a robin hopped across

the grass, chirping a cheerful greeting.

Next came a blue-jay with a harsh cry, then disappearing among the branches of the tree he cried out again.

While "Little Man" watched the tree to see if he would return, a tiny chipmunk ran down its trunk.

Seeing "Little Man," he paused a moment looking at him knowingly, then as if feeling he was in no danger he went closer and ate a berry which he seemed to enjoy very much, then scampered away.

Next a tiny green worm swung itself down from a tree; back and forth, back and forth it swung on its bright silvery web. Down it came, nearer and nearer, until "Little Man" could have taken it in his hand. Just as it swung even with his nose, there was a slight rustle of leaves and a little gray mouse ran close to the little boy's feet.

A brown wren hopped along next, looking no doubt for a worm to carry to the baby birds in the little nest, which "Little Man" had discovered that very morning under the high side of the cabin.

The murmur of the water made him very drowsy, but just at that moment he heard a splash and saw a small fish in the clear stream.

With a hop and a skip a grasshopper came into view followed by a large cricket.

Then, such a strange thing happened that one could scarcely believe it to be true. All the little living creatures began to talk together. The squirrels and chipmunks chattered like mad, the jay gave a loud signal and then they all formed in line, bushy-tailed squirrel leading the procession with his mate.

The ground squirrels came next, followed by two chipmunks and a pair

of kangaroo rats. Behind them came Mr. and Mrs. Robin and Mr. and Mrs. Grossbeak and a long line of cousins and aunts.

A pair of humming-birds darted here and there keeping them all in line while some beautiful butterflies floated above them. A bumble-bee buzzed loudly and the little green worm deserted its web and crept after the procession which marched around and around the grassy nook, finally stopping in front of "Little Man."

"He shall have a circus all his own," asserted the big squirrel and with a spring he turned five somersaults while the other squirrels and chipmunks followed suit.

A saucy robin had a wrestling match with the jay, and two fat ground-squirrels had a boxing match together. Mr. and Mrs. Wren, danced to the music made by the fiddles of grasshopper and cricket and a thrush and a grossbeak sang a beautiful duet.

Then two tiny mice dressed as jockeys jumped on the backs of two squirrels and away they went racing madly around the arena.

"Little Man" clapped his hands as they neared the goal and every little creature cheered like mad.

Just then "Little Man" heard a call and at the sound the little creatures scuttled away quick as a wink.

"Little Man" got up and rubbed his eyes then he ran quickly to where mother stood waiting for him.

When he told her all about it, she smiled and said, "Well, 'Little Man,' you saw a circus after all, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," he answered, "All by my own self mother, but I do wish you hadn't called me until the race was finished. It was awfully exciting and I'll never know who beat."

She could swing a six-pound dumbbell,

She could fence and she could box;

She could row upon the river,

She could climb among the rocks

She could golf from morn till evening,

And dance fox-trots all night long;

But she couldn't help her mother,

For she wasn't very strong.



The Buffalo

By Frank C. Steele

We are indebted to farsighted men that today the buffalo, the lordly king of the plains of Western America, is not as extinct as some heraldic beast such as the unicorn or the dodo. These men succeeded in impressing the governments of the United States and Canada with the urgent need of protecting the few remaining buffalo, and today they are actually on the increase.

In Canada they have increased so rapidly since 1907, when a small herd was purchased by the Canadian government in Montana and placed in the Wainwright Buffalo Park, Alberta, that today they number over seven thousand.

This increase has exceeded the accommodations in the park to such an extent that the Canadian Government in January decided to liberate several thousand, restocking the great northern plains with them. Thus we have the stirring picture of the buffalo once more roaming freely over the prairie, and who can tell but that in another ten years the more isolated sections of the Great Northwest will

be dotted with herds of these virile descendents of a once numerous race?

The herd was escorted into the far north. They will feed in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains far from the haunts of men and the disagreeable odors of locomotive smoke and automobile gas fumes. Here, hundreds of miles north of Edmonton, the most northerly city in Alberta, they will return to their wild state, and if the expectation of government experts proves correct, they will increase rapidly, spreading southward.

The repopulation of the plains with these magnificent animals recalls again the tragedy of their passing.

Latter-day Saint Sunday School students know of the existence of the buffalo in large numbers when the pioneers crossed the plains in 1847; how for days, sometimes, they halted their caravan of covered wagons to allow the thundering herds to cross their path. The buffalo were in their glory when the construction of the first transcontinental railroad was begun in 1866. Herds of fifty thousand head

were then common on the western plains of America as far south as southern Utah and as far north as the Hudson's Bay.

In those days as many as 100,000 buffalo robes were marketed in a single year, the Hudson's Bay Company being the great traffickers in those robes in the northern regions of the continent. Unscrupulous and greedy traders bought robes from the Indians for a cup of whiskey. This wicked practice corrupted the noble redmen and often inflamed them to crime. In 1874 the North West Mounted Police trekked into the northwestern territories of Canada and established law and order. At that date, their historians tell us, thousands of buffalo were sighted. Notably near the Sweet Grass Hills, just across the Canadian border in Montana, the Red Coats marched all day through a herd of some 60,000. The whole horizon was black with the moving animals.

The work of destruction, once started in earnest by the relentless Indian tribes, was waged with such deadly effects that in 1880 few buffalo remained. Instead, immense piles of bones lay whitening on the prairies and at the foot of cut banks, were grim reminders of the work of extermination. According to old timers of Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Alberta and other western states and provinces, the last buffalo seen were in the Yellowstone country. Pioneers of Western Canada agree that the buffalo were headed south during the 70's although a herd has been discovered in the Far North of Alberta and they are thriving. The survival of this somewhat mysterious branch of the bison family is one reason for the herding of the Wainwright herd into the northern woods and plains. The rigor of the climate seems to improve the physical character of the animals and encourage their propagation.

Comfort Giving

Only a close, warm handclasp
After a weary day;
But the burdened heart grew lighter,
And the clouds seemed rolled away.

Only a longed-for letter,
And the writer little knew,
As she penned the loving message,
Of the good that it would do.

Only some garden roses
In their fragrant beauty sent;
But the restless heart grew quiet,
Filled with a sweet content,

Only the words, "Forgive me;
I'm sorry I grieved you, dear;"
But tears and heartaches vanished,
And love shone strong and clear.

—Selected.

The Juvenile Crochet Lessons

By Mrs. S. A. Bywater

(Photos by Alseen Studio)

Figure 4

Button hole around, or dc around with hook. A tr in every 3rd st with 3 ch between each tr. 2nd R: 3 tr to each space, with 3 ch between each group of trs. 3rd R: 1 dc in each space, with 6 ch between each dc. Last R: 8 dc to each space.

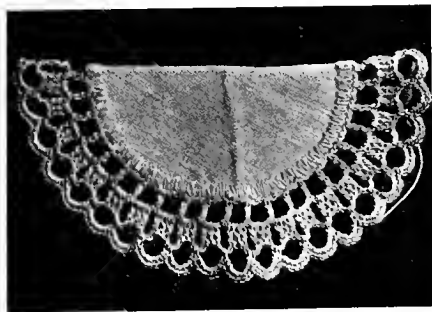


Figure 5

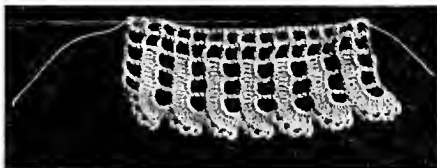
Ch 15, tr in 5th st from hook. Ch 3, turn. 2 tr in the 5 ch loop, (thread through both tr together making a point) ch 3, 3 tr to point, in same loop, ch 3, another point of 3 tr in same loop. Ch 5, another 3 tr point in next st of first ch. Ch 3, point in next st. Ch 3, miss 3, tr in next. Ch 3, miss 3, tr in next. Ch 5, turn, tr in tr, ch 3, 2 points between points with 3 ch between points. Ch 5, dc in lower end of 5 ch, ch 3

turn. 3 more points in this 5 ch, with 3 ch between each point. Ch 5, 2 points between 2 points, 3 ch between. Ch 3, tr in tr. Ch 2, tr in 3rd st of 5 ch. Ch 5 turn. Repeat.

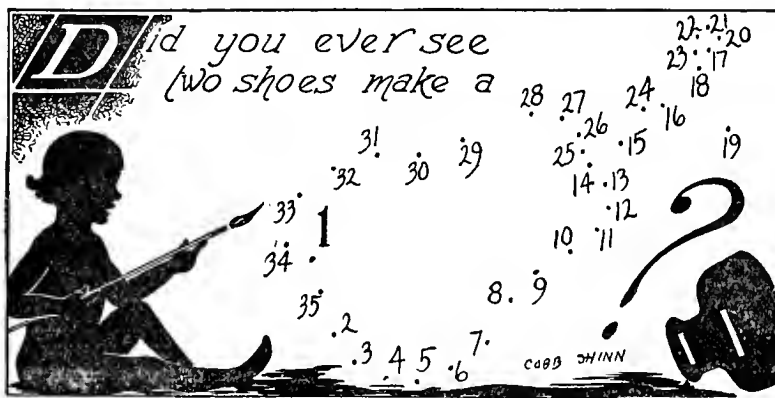


Figure 6

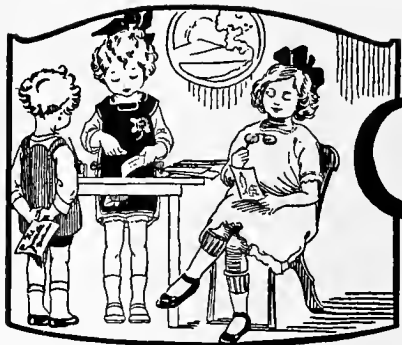
Ch 22, miss 8, tr in next st, ch 3, miss 2, tr in next; two more times. Ch 2, tr in end, ch 5 turn, tr in tr, ch 3, tr in tr, and 3 tr in space, tr in tr 3 tr in space, tr in tr and 10 tr in space, ch 3 turn,* dc in 2nd tr, ch 3, miss 1 tr, dc in next; 3 more times, ch 5, miss 2 tr, tr in next. Ch 3, miss 2, tr in next. Ch 3, miss 2, tr in next. Ch 3, miss 2, tr in next, ch 3, tr in tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st of 5 ch, tr in tr, ch 3, tr in next tr and 3 tr between each tr and tr in tr. 10 tr in 5 ch. Repeat from *.



Daffodilly Dots



Draw a line from the dots at 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., up to 35, and see the result



The Children's BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box. "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Mouse and the Bird

A mouse and a bird met one day under a large elm tree. The mouse feeling very friendly towards the bird suggested that they keep house together.

"All right," said the bird.

"We will build the nest in a branch of this tree just above our heads. There we shall be far away from our enemies, the cats. The wind will rock our babies to sleep."

"But my babies squeak if they are rocked," said Mrs. Mouse, "they do not like it, besides they would be sure to fall and break their little necks if they were up so high. Then, too, it is so light it would make their eyes weak. No, the best place for a nest is in the ground inside the hollow tree. It is warm and dark and nobody would find us!"

"In the ground, indeed!" said Mrs. Bird. "So you think I would take my babies into the ground, do you? They would smother there, besides they need all the light they can get."

"Well, since we can't agree," said Mrs. Mouse, "you can build your nest

on the branch of the elm tree, and I in the hollow tree."

"Squeak, squeak!" said the mouse as she ran to the hollow tree.

"Tir-a-lee, tir-a-lee!" sang the bird high on a bough of the old elm tree.

Bernice Dastrup,

Age 10.

Sigurd, Utah.



MEADOW LARK

Drawn by Harold Allen,
Blackfoot, Idaho

Age 12

The Rain

I bring fresh drink to the thirsting
flowers,
And trickle in the sparkling streams;
I freshen the earth with my strengthen-
ing showers,
And smile on the children in their
dreams.

I'm made rich with the wealth of the
sunset gold,
And I glitter with colored hues;
I form the gems as the flowers un-
fold,
And the diamonds that gleam in the
dews.

I sparkle in the sun as I gently fall
On the fields that are fresh and
green,
To give them a drink, although I am
small
I do lots of good in the spring.

Alta Maughan,

Box No. 47,

Wellsville, Utah.

Age 14.



AN INTERESTING STORY

Photo by Viola Bond,

Clear Lake, Utah

A Visit From One of the Three Nephites

One evening as we sat around the fire mother told us this story:

"One day, long ago, during a very cold winter, Grandmother and Uncle Phil sat by an open grate enjoying the cheery fire, when a knock was heard at the door. When it was opened there stood a man who said that he was cold and hungry. He was also wet, as it was snowing hard. Of course Grandmother invited him in and while he was getting warm and dry, she prepared him a warm meal.

As he ate they talked with him and they noticed how clean cut his features were, how neat his clothing, and his ears and hands were almost transparent in their cleanliness. There was an air of refinement about him that puzzled Grandmother and Uncle Phil and he talked so wonderfully about the Gospel.

He seemed to enjoy his lunch very much and after he had finished he sat talking to them for a while. Finally he said that he would have to leave, that he had a long journey to make that day. Grandmother and Uncle Phil followed him to the door and as they reached it he turned and said, "You have a heart's desire that you want fulfilled by next fall. Through your kindness to me you shall have that desire." He then turned and walked off the porch but as soon as he reached the bottom of the steps he vanished and they could find no foot-prints in the snow to tell where he went.

Uncle Phil received his heart's desire at the appointed time.

Through the odd appearance of this stranger, his wonderful knowledge of the Gospel, his immaculate cleanliness, and his strange disappearance they concluded that he was one of the "Three Nephites."

Bernice Orton,

Age 15.

273 West Sixth South,

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Age 9 Photo by Quin Stokes,
Rockland, Idaho

A Stormy Night in the Mountains

One evening, about four o'clock, storm clouds began to arise in the east. We could hear short rumblings of thunder and the clouds grew thicker and blacker. We knew that a storm would soon be here. We got in the wood and did the other nightly chores. Then we went into the house to await the arrival of the oncoming storm. Every little while there would be fierce flashes of lightning and after that loud claps of thunder. Some of the thunder was so loud that we had to hold our hands over our ears. Finally the rain began to come down in torrents. We could hear the hooting of owls and the cry of some wild animal in the forest. All the outside world was terrible darkness, broken only by the bright flashes of lightning. The next morning when we went outside

it looked like a new world. Our small washtubs were washed about four feet from the house and many trees were lying near.

Mabel Calvin,
Age 13. Ft. Thomas, Ariz.

The Pansy

Purple pansy bright am I,
Touched by sunbeams from the sky.
If you want my flowers to stay,
You must pick them every day.

And now I'll make my friends admit
When watering I need a bit.
For I get thirsty just as well
As other flowers who cannot tell.

But when it comes to color hue,
Buttercups are brightest of the two.
And when it comes to perfume in the
hall

The violet smells the very best of all.

I guess I'm put here just to show,
For no one smells me as you know.
But it matters not when the children
dear.

Pick me with words of happiness
and cheer.

For although I'm not like a daisy
white,

I'm trying hard with all my might
Just to add a bit of joy,
For a tiny girl or boy.

Louise Bradley,
Age 12. Hyrum, Utah.



Age 14 Photo by Buster Brooks,
Hayden, Arizona

Adam and Eve

The first man on this earth was Adam. Adam was a very good man, so God told him he must go down to earth and bring up people. So Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden. The Lord said he must have a wife. So He put Eve down on earth. The Lord came to them and said, "you can eat any of this fruit, but do not partake of this fruit." Adam and Eve promised not to take of it. The Lord said, "If you partake of this fruit you will die." So the Lord and His angels went away. Then Satan came and said, "Adam, partake of this fruit. If you partake of this fruit you will be very smart." But Adam said, "no." So then Satan went to Eve and said, "Eat this fruit and you will be very smart." So Eve took the fruit and ate it, then gave it to Adam and they both broke the Lord's commandment. The Lord came and asked Adam if he and Eve ate of the fruit and Adam said, "Yes." The Lord said, "Now that you have done this, you must go where there is a large place full of weeds and work for your living." So Adam and Eve went away from the Garden of Eden. After that Eve had a son called Cain. He was a wicked boy. He had a brother called Abel who was a very good boy. When Abel offered up sacrifices, he gave all of his best things. The Lord was pleased with him but Cain, who was wicked, gave all of the smallest fruit that he had. The Lord was not pleased with this and He made Cain know that He did not like these sacrifices. Then Cain was very angry and when Abel was out with his cattle Cain killed him. The Lord came to Cain and asked him, "Where is your brother Abel, Cain?" Then Cain replied, "I am not the boy to watch over him." Then the Lord said, "You have killed your brother. Now that you have done this, you must go out in the world. You will never find you a

home, Cain, where people will want you.

Cain was cursed for his wickedness.

Haruyo Okawa,

Age 11.

Laie, Oahu,

Hawaii.

[Note: The above story was written by a little Japanese girl of the Fourth Grade in Hawaii, and was sent to the Juvenile Instructor by Mary Stevenson, a missionary to the Islands, from Ephraim, Utah.—*Editor Budget Box.*]

Abraham and Isaac

Abraham was a great prophet of God. The Lord loved him very dearly. He took him as his own true servant or true friend. One day the Lord told Abraham to take his son Isaac to make a sacrifice before him. Abraham knew that he had only one son. But he thought by the word obedience he should obey all God's commandments with all his might and to do his will, till the end of his life. So he took his son Isaac. He had everything ready, wood and all. He held the knife in his hand and started to kill his son Isaac as if he were going to kill one of the lambs or some other animal put on the fire as was their rule before Christ was born. They ought to take the fat animals, cows, sheep, etc., to give to the Lord in their sacrifice for the remission of their sins. When Abraham was ready to do his work, the voice from heaven was heard, "Abraham don't kill your son." Abraham looked around and saw a fat sheep tangled up inside the wood, so he went and killed it, and put it on the wood. He prayed and his sacrifice was accepted. He prayed and the fire from heaven burned his sacrifice good.

Anna A. Leota,

Age 11.

Laie, Oahu.

[The above story was written by a little Samoan girl, of the 3rd grade, living in Laie, Hawaii. It was sent



A SAMPLE OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF LAIE, OAHU
Taught by Mary Stevenson, Missionary

in by Mary Stevenson, a missionary from Ephraim, Utah, who says English is hard for the Samoans to learn, but they are trying hard as this little story will show.—*Editors Budget Box.*]



Photo by Devine Hullock,
Delta, Utah

Age 14

A Real Ghost Scare

The worst ghost scare I've ever had in my life happened on a Fourth of July, when I was visiting in Pleasant Grove.

It was dark when we children arrived home in the automobile from the picnic. We decided we would tell ghost stories outside, until the grown ups got home.

We had been telling them about fifteen minutes when I happened to look towards the long path, that had hedges on each side that led up to the front of the house.

There, to my horror, coming up the path was what I thought to be a ghost. I showed the rest of the children and we all sat there as if spell-bound. I wanted to jump up and run and never stop, but I was too paralyzed with fear to move. Closer and closer it crept coming towards us.

I felt as if my heart would stop beating all of a sudden as it was beating so fast.

I was just ready to topple over when it reached us, when to my amazement and surprise, it was not a ghost as I

had thought, but a lady neighbor of our who had come over to see us.

I had thought it was a ghost, because she was dressed all in white, and the ghost stories made me believe it was a ghost.

I will never forget this incident.
Age 13. Bernice Nelson,
1482 East Everett St. Portland, Ore.



Drawn by Owen H. Tibbitts,
Age 15 Box 293, Montpelier, Idaho

Jimmy's Lesson

It was a drowsy school day and all the children were sitting lazily in their seats waiting for recess to come, when the teacher stood up and said, "I am going to dictate some addition questions to you. If you answer them right, you may go for recess." She then began this column, "6, 6, 12, 4, 2, 7, 3, 4, 7, 9, 9, 3, 8. What did you get for that question?" asked the teacher to one of the boys.

"Forty-two," answered the boy.

She then asked another boy who answered the same. Then she looked at Jimmy and said, "What did you get." Jimmy had eighty and that was almost twice as much as the other boys had, and both of them had answered, "forty-two," so Jimmy said, with a guilty look on his face, "Forty-two."

Then the teacher asked one of the girls, who answered, "Eighty."

"You may go," said the teacher to the girl, "Your answer was correct."

Then Jimmy said to himself, "Never, never as long as I live will I tell another lie."
Age 12. Arthur Hansen,
Boundary Creek,
Alberta, Canada.

Idaho

A state most dear to me,
Crowned with dear liberty,
Where we are always free—
Is Idaho.

Where we may live a life
So well and free from strife.
Stands Idaho, dear Idaho.

Land of waters so clear,
And freedom's always here,
With mountains everywhere,
Is Idaho.

Where forests straight and tall
Seem to say, "Welcome to all."
Stands Idaho, dear Idaho.

A state out in the West
In a land where all is blest
With nothing but the best,
Is Idaho.

Where all both young and old
Seek for love and not for gold.
Stands Idaho, dear Idaho.

Age 15. Ross Allen Bodily,
P. O. Box 41,
Bancroft, Idaho.



Age 14

Photo by Lynn Brady,
Providence, Utah



Age 13 Sketch by Jean Monson,
1141 Buena Ave.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Beautiful

Beautiful are the islands,
Beautiful is the sea,
Beautiful is the mountain,
That God made for you and me.
Beautiful are the valleys,
Beautiful are the towns,
Beautiful is our temple,
Beautiful are the grounds.
Beautiful are the flowers,
Wonderful is the fruit—
So let us love one another
As God so loveth us.

Age 12. Elizabeth Plunkett.
Laie, Oahu T. H.

Solution of April Puzzle

S	P	A	N	I	S	H	F	O	R	K
K		C	O	M	P	E	L	S		I
I	S		S	P	R	A	Y		D	E
S	T	Y		S	I	R		A	R	K
	O	R	E	N		A	L	A		
O	R		L	O	G	A	N		P	A
	R	A	M		V		T	I	E	
E	S	T		R	I	M		A	R	M
L			D	E	L	T	A			O
M	Y	R	A		L		G	A	L	A
O		F	R	E	E	D	O	M		B

Winners

Stella Draper, Wellington, Utah.
Blanche Jacobs, Sugar City, Idaho.
Donna Jensen, Box 327, Richfield, Utah.
Affra McNeill, Heiner, Carbon Co., Utah.
Nettie C. Petersen, Grover, Wyo.
Elmer Slack, Provo, Utah.

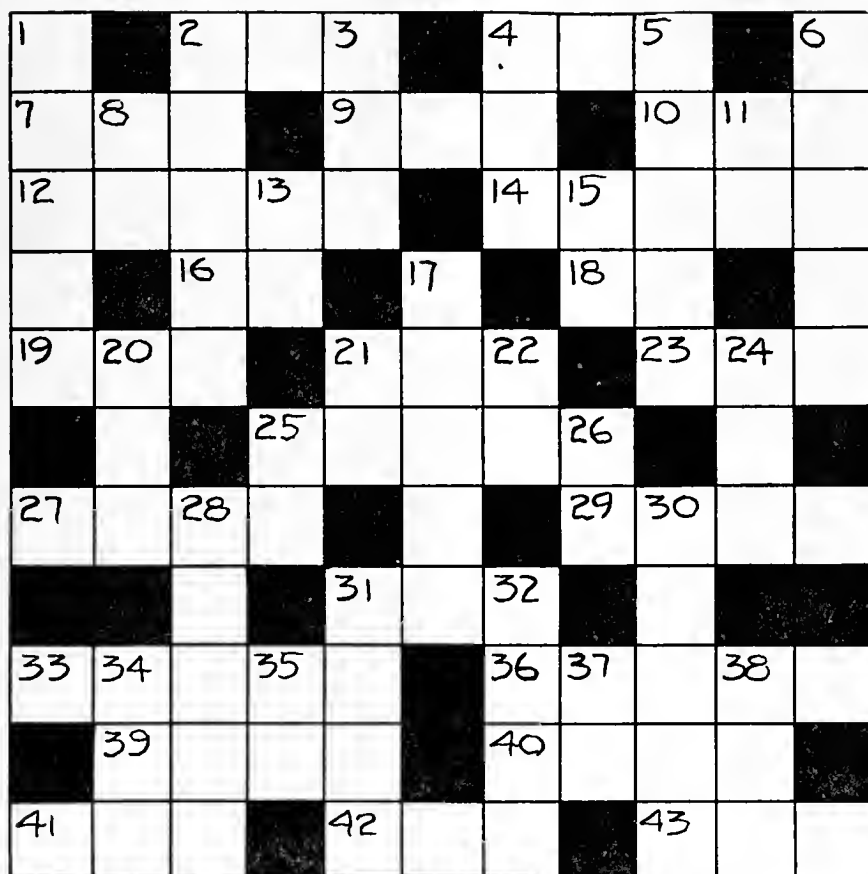
Honorable Mention

Veda Cameron, Panguitch, Utah
Sylvia Carr, Bountiful, Utah
Dona Casper, Charleston, Utah
Dorothy Christensen, Grace, Idaho.
Daveen Clark, Blackfoot, Idaho
Edith Crouch, Salt Lake City, Utah
Martha Edwards, Roosevelt, Utah
Jean Fisher, Oxford, Idaho
Reno Gallagher, Ramah, New Mexico
Russell Hochstrasser, Teton, Idaho
Ruth Hunziker, Rexburg, Idaho
Audrey Jackson, Provo, Utah
Lois Linford, Provo, Utah
Victor Mayer, Yuba City, California
Esther F. McNeil, Show Low, Arizona.
Lucile Merrill, Provo, Utah
Wayne Moncur, Rupert, Idaho
Ray Pace, Hayden, Arizona
Esther Peterson, Roseworth, Idaho
Genevieve Phelps, Mesa, Arizona
Idonna Porter, Garland, Utah
Marjorie Reeves, Provo, Utah
Dorothy Smith, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.
Lester Tracy, Malta, Idaho
Irene Ward, Declo, Idaho
Clea Weekes, Thornton, Idaho
Cleo M. Williams, Thornton, Idaho

Cross Word Puzzle

Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under seventeen who correctly solve the cross word puzzle on the following page, and send us the best original drawing, or photograph, or the best article of not to exceed three hundred words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines on any subject. Answers must be in by July 1, 1925, and all contributions are subject to the rules provided in "The Children's Budget Box." Address Puzzle Editor, *Juvenile Instructor*, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Utah Crossword Puzzle



Horizontal




















2. Allow
4. Poisonous serpent
7. Garden implement
9. Organ of hearing
10. Girl's name
12. Town in Utah
14. Town in Utah
16. Accomplish
18. Street (abb.)
19. Very high hills (abb.)
21. Large couch
23. Be indebted to
25. Town in Utah
27. Pace of horse
29. Fabled giant
31. Yes
33. Town in Utah
36. Town in Utah
39. Bruised
40. Inspiration
41. United States Navy
42. Small rug
43. Secret agent





Vertical

1. Fascination
2. Town in Utah
3. Beverage
4. Part of a circle
5. Town in Utah
6. Kitchen stove
8. Conjunction
11. First note of the scale
13. Negative
15. Like
17. Town in Utah
20. Black sticky fluid
21. Beside
22. Baby's name for father
24. Strife
25. Lieutenant (abb.)
26. Negative
28. Town in Utah
30. Town in Utah
31. Slight cough to attract attention
32. Send forth
34. Beast of burden
35. Creditor (abb.)
37. I would (contracted)
38. Lick up


Mr Mixie Magpie


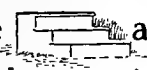
VII.






FIFTEEN minutes is 'most forever!" said  out loud. Mr.  was high in the sky, and  was waiting outside, while the little girl sat at the  , practising scales. Up and down the  went her fat little  , and tick-tick, tock-tock went Mr.  on the  , oh, so slowly! "Five minutes more to practise," but just as she looked at Mr.  for about the twentieth time, the sound of another sort of music came through the open  . "Oh my! a  !" cried Bobette. "Five minutes more to practise; but I'll just peep and see if there's a  , out there." Sure enough! there was a monkey, and the cutest little fellow Bobette had ever seen, with a tiny green  and a red  . Bobette forgot all about her practising and ran out on the piazza to get acquainted. When Mr.  saw  , he ran right up to her just as near as the  would let him, then he took off his  and made a cunning little bow, and back to the  grinder he went, climbed


up the  to the top of the , and pulled off his master's , too, as much as to say, "You must be very polite to this pretty little .



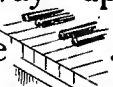


There was a newspaper sticking out of the organ-grinder's pocket; Mr. Monkey took it out, then he took a tiny pair of spectacles out of his own , and sat down on top of the organ, pretending to read while his master played gay tunes.




Both  sat on the  and admired the queer little creature. When the music stopped, Bobette's

 came out with some . Mr. Monkey held out his  for them, then the organ-man swung the  and the  up on his back, and off they went down the road. "I've five minutes more

to practise, Buzz, and then I'll be done," said .

But when she went into the , somebody was playing the , oh, so softly! all the way up and all the way down the .

Who could it be? Bobette

opened the . "Five minutes more to practise," said , walking up and down the piano .





Misplaced

He: "I have an idea."

She: "Be good to it. It's in a strange place."—Burr.

And A Girl Doesn't

"What's the difference between a girl and a Victorola?"

"Well, a Victorola runs down."—Stanford Chaparral.

Adjustable

Old Man: "And how old are you, little man?"

Boy: "I'm five at home, six at school and three on the street cars."—Baltimore Trolley Topics.

Mixed Colors

She: "Can you tell me why a black cow gives white milk that makes yellow butter?"

He: "For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green."

Defined

"Jack, you are a pig," said a farmer to his five-year old son. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Jack?"

"Yes, father," replied the boy; "a pig is a hog's little boy."

Tree Talk

"What made the teacher so angry?" asked Johnnie's father.

"Oh!" said Johnnie, "he was talking about trees, and I asked him if he had ever seen a pink palm. He said, 'No,' and I showed him my hand!"—Dalton Breeze.

A Substitute

"Willie, where did you get that black eye?"

"Johnny Smith hit me."

"I hope you remember what your Sunday school teacher said about heaping coals on the heads of your enemies."

"Well, ma, I didn't have any coal, so I just stuck his head in the ash barrel."

A Good Reason

Girl: "Do you know why I call this dog Ring?"

Boy: "No. Why?"

Girl: "Because that's his name."

Not Scriptural

Jr.: "Pop, why was Adam made first?"

Sr.: "To give him a chance to say a little something, I suppose."—Legion Weekly.

There is a Difference

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the ancient beau bravely. "Now, I feel like a two-year-old."

"Horse or egg?" asked the sweet young thing brightly.—London Tid-Bits.

Correct

Teacher: "Willie, make a sentence using the word 'arrears'."

Willie: "Helen has dirt behind her arrears."

Teacher: "Take your seat, Willie."

Delayed

He (during the interval)—"What did you say your age was?"

She (smartly)—"Well, I didn't say, but I've just reached twenty-one."

"Is that so? What detained you?"—London Answers.



Not Modern

Those who believe that bobbed hair is a modern custom are reminded that the Shpinx started the style many centuries ago, as the above picture will attest.



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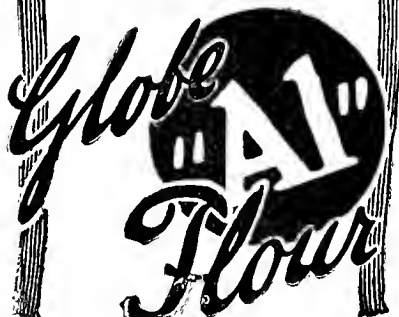
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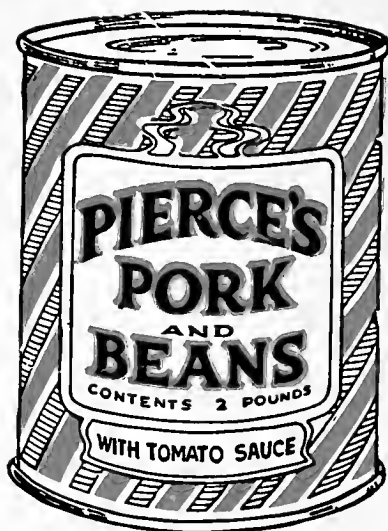
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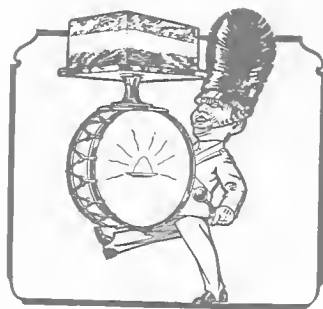


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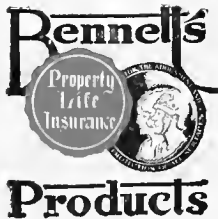
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